

the truth untold

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the truth untold

by [periwinkle520](#)

Summary

“Don’t touch anything!” Sizhui warned them but he was a little too late. Jingyi already pushed a random button which has the word *Wangxian (2)* beside it.

"Isn't it what you wanted... Everyday means everyday."

Wei Wuxian froze on his spot hearing the familiar line. The cultivators who were blaming Wei Wuxian just a second ago also stopped when they saw the screen show a man in black robes pinned down by the esteemed man in white. Their faces a centimeter apart from each other

Lan Wangji moved slightly to let their lips touch but Wei Wuxian lifted his face to dodge him.

"Call me Gege."

"..."

"Call me Gege. I'll let you kiss me if you do."

"AHH!!! MAKE THAT STOP!!!" Wei Wuxian shrieked in panic.

"I DON'T KNOW HOW!!!!" Lan Jingyi also shrieked equally as loud as Wei Wuxian.

Lan Sizhui (whose parents' make out session is about to be broadcasted) stepped in to help his friend. He scanned the object for a second and pushed the button placed separately among the others. The screen now shows a big circle on it.

Or,

Another 'MDZS characters watching MDZS' fanfic.

Chapter 1

“Lan Zhan, ah Lan Zhan, you really are ruthless.” He buried his face on his husband’s chest, taking in the smell of sandalwood on the body he missed the whole day.

“Can’t you spare my poor ass for a night? My body is still sore from accompanying the juniors on their night hu– HEY! Lan Zhan, I’m still talking and you’re already taking my clothes off.”

“Everyday means everyday.” It’s not like Wei Wuxian doesn’t want to do it. He just really likes provoking his husband.

“Lan Zhan you already did me this morning.” He teased. Wei Wuxian can already see the blush creeping up on his Lan Zhan’s ear. *How cute*

“...”

“...”

“Does not count.”

“Hahahahaha. Lan Zhan you are so funn– Aaack!” He squealed in shock as his husband pushed him down their shared bed but it wasn’t Lan Zhan’s action that shocked him but the fact the room they are in suddenly changed.

The wooden bed is now replaced with fabric-covered floor. The lights coming from the ceiling is dimly lit, just bright enough to see their surroundings. Behind Lan Zhan, Wei Wuxian can see a lot of faces he recognizes.

“Get up.” A man said with a disgusted look on his face.

“So stingy, Jiang Cheng.” He said jokingly but stood up nonetheless. He should still save face for his husband. (~~Completely unaware that many Gusu Lan and visiting disciples walked in on them~~)

“Shameless!” Lan Qiren snarled, seeing the position his nephew and the walking menace, Wei Wuxian, is in.

“Senior Wei. Hanguang-jun.” Lan Sizhui greeted them like a filial son he is, followed by Lan Jingyi beside him.

“Uncle! What is happening?!” Jin Ling seems like he just arrived to wherever the hell that place is and annoyed that Fairy who was with him before is now gone.

“Right, *what* is happening?” Jiang Cheng now turned to Wei Wuxian who was busy cooing his little A-Yuan.

“Why are you looking at me? I’m also a victim here.” Wei Wuxian shrugged.

Sect Leader Yao who pushed his way to go in front, pointed at Wei Wuxian accusingly. "YOU-! Who other than you could've done this despicable thing!" The other cultivators who are still against Wei Wuxian nodded while some made an agreeing noise to the Sect Leader's accusations.

"Now, now. You really are overestimating me." He said, chuckling at their claim.

Jin Ling walked up to his two friends knowing that he won't get an answer to his questions once the adults started arguing pointlessly.

"What's happening?" he asked to no one in particular, tuning out the squabbling adults behind them.

Both Lans merely shrugged as they also don't know the answer. All they know is that they were sleeping then suddenly woke up to confused cultivators around them.

"Let's walk around, we might find some clues to what this place is." Lan Jingyi proposed, wanting to get away from the deafening voices of the angry cultivators.

The trio looked around and chose to inspect the large screen at the very front of the room. While Jin Ling and Sizhui were looking at the screen, Jingyi went to the rectangular metal next to it which he guessed is twelve inches in height and six inches in width.

"Don't touch anything!" Sizhui warned them but he was a little too late.

Jingyi already pushed a random button which has the word *Wangxian (2)* beside it.

"Isn't it what you wanted... Everyday means everyday."

Wei Wuxian froze on his spot hearing the familiar line. The cultivators who were blaming Wei Wuxian just a second ago also stopped when they saw the screen show a man in black robes pinned down by the esteemed man in white. Their faces a centimeter apart from each other.

Lan Wangji moved slightly to let their lips touch but Wei Wuxian lifted his face to dodge him.

"Call me Gege."

"..."

"Call me Gege. I'll let you kiss me if you do."

"AHH!!! MAKE THAT STOP!!!" Wei Wuxian, who knows what will happen next, shrieked in panic.

"I DON'T KNOW HOW!!!!!" Lan Jingyi also shrieked equally as loud as Wei Wuxian.

Lan Sizhui (whose parents' make out session is about to be broadcasted) stepped in to help his friend. He scanned the object for a second and pushed the button placed separately among the others. The screen now shows a big circle on it.

A collective sigh of relief can be heard among the audience and an audible huff, which Wei Wuxian guessed came from Lan Qiren (or Jiang Cheng or both).

"Jingyi, what did you do?" Wei Wuxian asked, face still flushed but a little calmer than earlier.

Jingyi scratched the back of his head, embarrassed of what he made the cultivators watch, "I just pressed a random button..."

Beside him, Jin Ling's shoulder is shaking from suppressing his laugh. Clearly taking pleasure in seeing his friend getting embarrassed. Jingyi threw a glare at his direction while Jin Ling responded by sticking his tongue out.

"Where?" Lan Wangji's face is still as stoic as ever but Lan Xichen can see the tip of his ears which turned beet red.

"Here." This time, Lan Sizhui was the one who answered while pointing at the large screen and a rectangular metal with circular buttons divided into three columns beside it. Each button has a corresponding number written on it and a label next to it. A sole button is placed at the very top which has the word —**START**— below it.

Wei Wuxian followed his husband to see the said object and traced the labels written on it, "Prologue, Reincarnation, Aggression, Arrogance, Refinement, Contentment..."

"What are those?" Jiang Cheng originally meant to fetch Jin Ling in case the brat do something stupid like his friend did but got sidetracked by Wei Wuxian reciting each label.

"I don't know either."

"You dare to act innocent when this is all your doing!" Sect Leader Yao was among the cultivators who closed in on them to see what the juniors found. His neck up going red from anger and a visible vein threatening to burst appeared on his temple. The look on his face reminded Wei Wuxian of Old Man Qiren's when he saw Wei Wuxian and his beloved, pure, innocent nephew, Wangji, making out (he refuse to acknowledge that Wangji's hand is under Wei Wuxian's inner robes) behind the training ground.

Wei Wuxian raised his hands in front of him and shook his head, "I don't know, I really don't know."

"..."

"..."

"..."

sigh "Wei-xiong..."

Wei Wuxian giggled at the reaction he got from his friend.

"Come and help me here, Nie-xiong."

Some cultivators looked at each other, confusion showing on their faces. *'Yiling Patriarch, the said genius of his generation, founder of Demonic Cultivation, Wei Wuxian seeks help from the good-for-nothing, head-shaker, Sect Leader Nie?'*

Wei Wuxian raised a brow, looking at Nie Huaisang expectantly, "Nie-xiong?"

Nie Huaisang closed his fan and sighed in defeat.

"What do you think?" Wei Wuxian asked after Nie Huaisang inspected the foreign object for a few minutes.

Nie Huaisang opened his fan hid half of his face behind it.

"Based on what we were... shown earlier..." he trailed, blood rushing to his face. Other cultivators who recalled what they saw earlier also went red, "and the labels, it seems like this shows your memories starting from when you were reincarnated in Mo Xuanyu's body."

"Yes, that's what I thought too but if it really is from my memory it should show scenes from my perspective, shouldn't it?"

"Hm... it closely resembles the plays I used to go to before." says Nie Huaisang while eyeing the large screen in front of them.

"Sect Leader Lan." the juniors greeted from behind them

Lan Xichen only gave a small smile to them as a greeting.

"Brother." Lan Wangji walked up to his brother followed by Wei Wuxian and Nie Huaisang.

"Wangji

"Sect Leader Lan" "Xichen-ge"

“Wuxian. Huaisang.” The smile Lan Xichen gave to Nie Huaisang is a little strained considering what happened at the Guanyin Temple.

“I looked around. There are numerous bed-like furnitures but it not enough to be one for each person so I assume they are for sitting. I found no doors and it looks like our spiritual energy is sealed.”

The last sentence felt like a bomb was dropped to the cultivators in the room.

As if on cue, everyone unsheathed their swords and to their horror, there were no glare, no glow, no spiritual energy flowing through it. Jiang Cheng even tried Zidian but it remained as a ring.

Out of curiosity, Wei Wuxian tried to gather resentful energy and not long after a small black ball of mist is gathered on his held out hand.

“WEI WUXIAN!!” Yi Weichun, a man with prosthetic leg, yelled when he saw the resentful energy on his hand.

“YOU—” whatever he was supposed to say was cut off by Lan Xichen.

“Wuxian, what is happening?” he asked in calm tone befitting of a Sect Leader.

“I’m not sure either but it looks like this place has a bit of resentful energy.”

He showed them the small ball of mist to prove his point but the wary cultivators backed away, afraid that the Yiling Patriarch might go berserk. Jiang Cheng who is standing next to Wei Wuxian rolled his eyes at the way the cultivators reacted to his brother while Nie Huaisang is giggling behind his fan because majority of people in the room looks like they have an upset stomach.

“Senior Wei, what should we do?” Lan Sizhui didn’t even flinch when Wei Wuxian flick his wrist in front of him to get rid of the gathered resentful energy.

The cultivators who were watching them gasped loudly. This time, it wasn’t Jiang Cheng who rolled eyes but Jin Ling.

“Overdramatic.” Ouyang Zizhen said who just arrived after squirming out of his father’s grip.

Jingyi snickered beside him but quickly disguised it as a cough when he saw Lan Qiren glaring at them.

“Oi!” Jin Ling complained when Jingyi accidentally elbowed his chest when he was faking a cough.

“So sensitive, Young Mistress Jin.” Zizhen slightly backed away so he wouldn’t get tangled between the bickering ducklings.

“Don’t call me that!”

“What shouldn’t I call you, Young Mistress Jin?” Jingyi looked at him with doe eyes and fake innocence.

“That!” Jin Ling can feel his blood rushing up to his face.

“But I’m not calling you ‘that’, Young Mistress Jin.”

Jin Ling stomped towards Jingyi to grab him by the lapels.

“You—” his words caught up in his throat when he tripped over his own foot.

There was a deafening sound which echoed throughout the room. Jin Ling looked up to find himself leaning on something, his hand pressed on a foreign object.

“JIN LING!!” He flinched when he heard his Uncle’s voice from behind him.

Instead of turning around to meet his Uncle’s glare, he lifted his hand to see what he was leaning onto. What he saw made his face go pale. *Uncle’s going to break my legs for sure*, he thought.

‘—START—’

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

‘—START—’

Jiang Cheng yanked Jin Ling’s arm and held him by his shoulder to stabilize.

“You brat! You couldn’t even stay still and behave for a minute!!” Jiang Cheng yelled, fuming in anger.

“It was an accident!” Jin Ling’s eyes are now glossy from the tears threatening to fall.

“YOU—” His words were cut off by a soft voice he was longing to hear for more than a decade.

“A-Cheng...” Jiang Cheng felt a soft hand hold his arm.

He froze instantly on his spot. An image of a person handing him a bowl full of lotus pork rib soup flashed on his mind. He turned around so fast that some of the bones on his neck may have cracked and if they did, he couldn’t have heard it over the loud sound of his thumping heart.

“A... A-Jie...” his voice so soft, he’s not sure whether the person he’s calling heard it.

“Shijie...” Another broken whisper called.

Both men who called out are now sobbing silently. One of them, leaning onto his husband for support while the other is pulled in a hug by the woman.

“A-Jie? Shijie?” Jin Ling asked looking at his uncles who are too caught up in their feelings to hear him.

Jin Ling isn’t stupid so of course he knows who his uncles will refer to as sister but she’s... dead. It couldn’t have been her. That is not possible. Right? He’s right, isn’t he?

But Jin Ling remembers the paintings his jiujiu used to show him when he was a kid. He remembers her snowy white complexion, kind eyes, and those rosy pink lips that used to sing him lullabies to help him sleep. He remembers it all. But the paintings can’t compare to the woman in front of him.

“Mom...?” he asked, eyes full of hope even though he knows it is impossible. But his *dajiu*, Wei Wuxian, also came back from land of the dead, right? Maybe... just maybe...

“A-Ling...” Everything he sees now is a blur under the tears on his eyes but he still managed to jump towards his mother.

Jiang Yanli has no idea how she ended up in this situation. The last thing she can remember is pushing her brother out of the way before a sword can pierce through him and it feels like that happened a lifetime ago. But even if her last memory is from days, months, years, decades, or lifetimes ago, she couldn't have mistaken her own son. She used to say that her baby A-Ling is going to grow up as a strong cultivator like his father...

A-Ling's father...

Her husband...

Husband...

“Jin Zixuan...”

Yes, Jin Zixuan...

Her Jin Zixuan...

Wait... what?

“A-Li...” she heard the familiar voice say. She looked behind to see a man in yellow robes with a white peony embroidered on it. His eyes, nose, lips... oh god, how she missed those lips...

“A-Li...” he called again, thinking she must have not heard the first time.

“A-Xuan...” she said, finally finding the courage to speak, afraid that once she let her voice out, she would wake up from this dream.

A-Li!” Jin Zixuan swooped her up from where she was standing just a second ago and is now spinning her around. He put her down after few seconds and kissed the top of her head, then her forehead, down to her nose and cheek, and lastly a peck on her soft lips.

“I thought I won't be able to see you and our baby again.” He said softly, pressing his forehead onto hers.

“Our baby...” she trailed off before facing Jin Ling who's still in daze after seeing both of his parents well and very much alive.

Yanli held out a hand to her little A-Ling who grabbed it delightfully like he always did when he was a baby. Another burst of tears falling down his cheeks as his mother pull him in to a hug along with his father.

The scene made Wei Wuxian clench his hand over his chest. *I destroyed this. I... I took this happiness away from them. It is my fault... my...*

“Wei Ying.” Wei Wuxian felt his husband’s hand tighten around his waist.

“Lan Zhan, it is my fault...” he sobbed, “I did it...” another sob came out of his mouth, “I *killed* them...”

“Wei Ying, no.” Lan Wangji held the back of the head of his husband and pressed his face to his broad chest. “Not your fault.” He said looking directly at him before placing a soft kiss on Wei Wuxian’s forehead.

Everyone who saw the exchange between Hanguang-jun and Yiling Patriarch blushed, not knowing how to handle seeing the normally stoic Second Jade of Lan show affection to his beloved.

“A-Xian...” Lan Wangji can feel his husband stiffen in his arms.

“A-Xian, look at me.” Wei Wuxian is now shaking while Lan Wangji is rubbing his back to calm him down a little. Seconds after, Wei Wuxian turned to look at his sister’s face. The face which haunted him for years. Her bloody figure and the burning of his home that forced him to stay awake everyday and nights.

“Shi... Shijie...”

“Oh, A-Xian!” Jiang Yanli pulled her brother in an embrace before examining the unfamiliar figure of his new body.

“A-Xian, it is you, right?” she asked even though she’s sure it is him. Otherwise, Second Young Master Lan wouldn’t have hold him so close.

“Mn.” Wei Wuxian responded, still can’t form a word because of the lump on his throat.

Yanli pulled him again into a hug, “You’re so thin now, A-Xian.”

“Shij–” his words cut off by a booming voice that echoed along the walls of the room.

“PLEASE TAKE A SEAT. THE SHOW WILL START IN A MINUTE.” The screen which shows a circle earlier now has number one-zero-zero inside it.

Wei Wuxian can now see that it wasn’t only his Shijie and Jin Zixuan who were brought back. There’s also Sect Leader Jiang, Madam Yu, Nie Mingjue (whose arm Nie Huaisang is clinging onto), Jin Guangyao, Jin Guangshan, Jin Zixun, Wen Ruohan, Wen Chao, Wen Xu, Xue Yang, A-Qing, not-blind Xiao Xingchen, not-toungeless Song Lan, Wen Qing, and not-fierce-corpse Wen Ning.

“WHO ARE YOU?!” Nie Mingjue roared, which reminded Wei Wuxian of the bears he occasionally encounters while hunting for pheasants in the forest, but there were no response.

Instead the voice repeated what it said earlier, “*PLEASE TAKE A SEAT. THE SHOW WILL START IN A MINUTE.*” When the voice finished, the number changed to zero-five-nine then zero-five-eight then lower and lower. Afraid of what might happen (especially now that their spiritual energy is sealed) when the timer is down to zero, the cultivators followed what the voice said.

By the time they all settled down the number is down to ten...

9...

8...

7...

6...

5...

4...

3...

2...

1...

0...

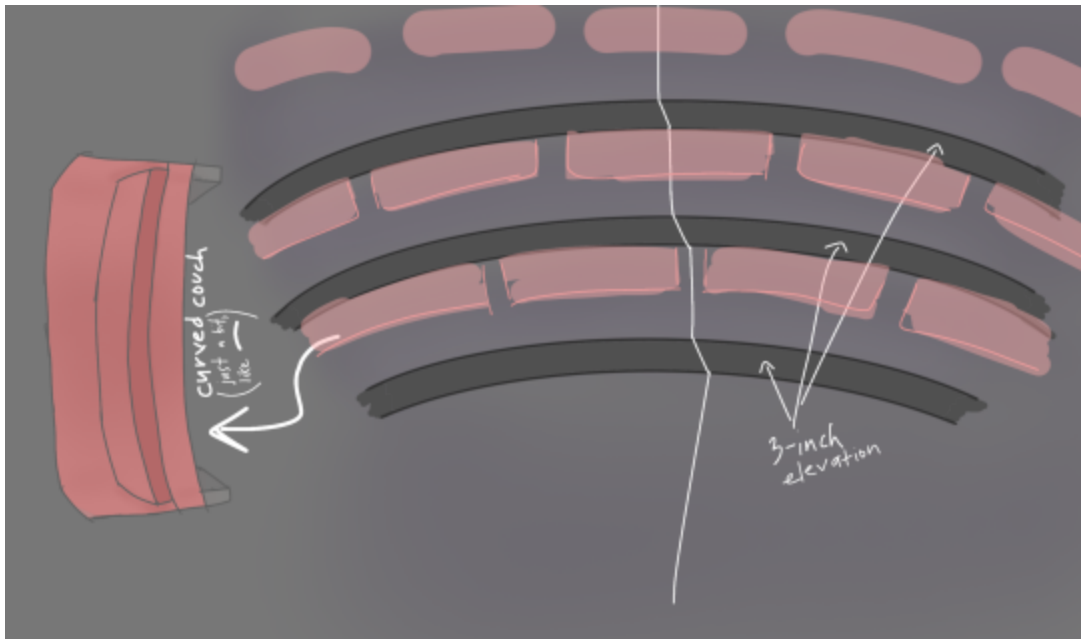
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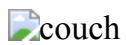
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THE GRANDMASTER OF DEMONIC CULTIVATION

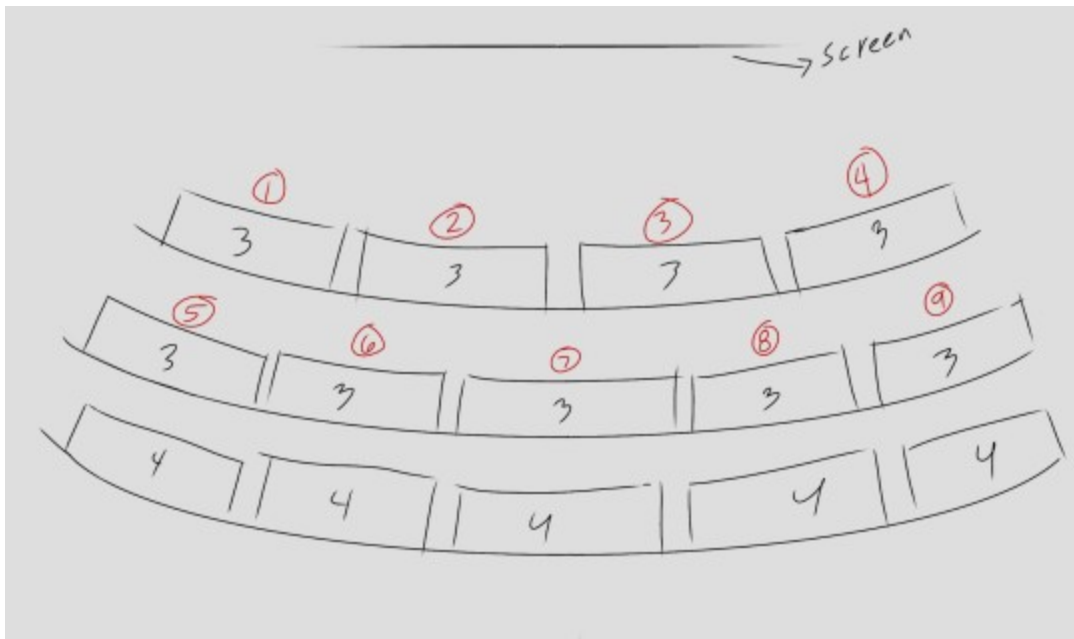
Chapter End Notes



the couch is something similar to this



i had a hard time deciding for the seating arrangement because these people will come at each others throat if given the chance T.T



left to right

1. Ouyang Zizhen, Lan Jingyi, Lan Sizhui
2. Jin Zixuan, Jin Ling, Jiang Yanli
3. Jiang Cheng, Wei Wuxian, Lan Wangji
4. Lan Xichen, Lan Qiren, Elder Lan
5. Wen Xu, Wen Chao, Wen Ruohan
6. Jin Guangshan, Jin Guangyao, Jin Zixun
7. Jiang Fengmian, Yu Ziyuan, Nie Mingjue
8. Nie Huaisang, Wen Ning, Wen Qing
9. A-Qing, Xiao Xingchen, Song Zichen

*Xue Yang is somewhere at the back of the room.

The seats with 4 are for the extras. There are more or less 15 rows after the third, so all in all, there are 300+ people inside the room.

I hope this can help you visualize the setting. 🧡

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I knew it! This is all Wei Wuxian’s doing!” Sect Leader Yao yelled from the back where the irrelevant are seated.

No one refuted his statement but everyone can feel the sudden drop of the temperature in the room.

“Wangji.” Lan Xichen, who is seated on the couch next to Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian, broke the silence with his gentle voice. *Calm down* was left unsaid but understood by his brother.

Some people shivered once the Second Jade of Lan calmed himself (whether he was agitated didn’t show on his stony face but the lingering coldness of the room is enough proof that he didn’t take lightly the slandering words thrown to his husband).

“*Great news! Wei Wuxian has died!*” Lan Wangji’s expression immediately darkened. Wei Wuxian squeezed his husband’s hand to remind that it is okay now.

The cultivators are drinking and celebrating the death of the Founder of Demonic Cultivation who went against the Four Great Clans, Wei Wuxian.

“*The Yiling Patriarch has died? Who could have killed him?*”

“*Who other than his shidi, Jiang Cheng, putting an end to his own relative for the greater good. Jiang Cheng led the Four Clans of YunmengJiang, LanlingJin, GusuLan, and QingheNie to destroy his den– Burial Mounds.*”

Jiang Cheng heard his sister’s gasp beside him. He did not dare to look at her, ashamed of what he did to the person that Jiang Yanli raised.

“A-Cheng...” she breathed softly and Jiang Cheng pretended not to hear the sadness in her voice.

"If not for the YunmengJiang clan's adopting and teaching him, he would have been a hobo living on the streets, let alone causing mayhem as bold as the ones these days. The head of the Jiang clan raised him as her own child, yet he defected them and became the enemy of the cultivation world, bringing shame upon the Jiang clan, even leading to its near-extinction. He is the prime example of biting the hand that feeds him!"

The said head of Jiang clan is now clenching his fist, forcing his anger to dissipate. Wei Wuxian is the child of his late friends; he wouldn’t let the child be alone roaming the streets while fighting with ferocious animals for scrap of foods.

“That’s merely hearsay. Although Jiang Cheng was one of the main forces, he did not give Wei Wuxian the final blow. Because he cultivates the Demon Path, Wei Wuxian’s powers had backfired and he was ripped to pieces.”

The statement earned a gasp from the people who didn’t live long enough to witness the Yiling Patriarch’s death.

Jiang Yanli’s eyes are becoming watery as the conversation of the gossiping cultivators goes on but hearing the last sentence shattered her heart. *A-xian...*, she looked at the unfamiliar face of his brother who merely gave her a reassuring smile that everything is fine now. It was enough for Yanli to calm a little... for now.

The conversation continues as more and more common folk listen to the rumbling of the drunken cultivators, taking in as much information as they can get so that they can spread the hearsay to other civilians.

Days passed and Wei Wuxian’s death remains as the topic of discussions among the people, common men and cultivators alike.

Some cultivators tried to summon the shattered soul of the Yiling Patriarch but no one succeeded.

Various clans initiated frequent soul-summoning rituals, followed by heightened vigilance and searches for strange occurrences from all over the world.

In the first year, nothing happened.

In the second year, nothing happened.

In the third year, nothing happened.

...

In the thirteenth year, nothing happened either.

More and more people were starting to believe that, maybe, the YiLing Patriarch actually perished.

The screen suddenly went black and for a second, the audience thought that the show is already over but slowly, as if a mimic of opening eyes, the scene showed a blurry ceiling of what seems like a worn down room. The walls are muddy and the furniture...well... there are really no furniture except for a chest and a broken table.

The cultivators who came from a prominent family scrunched their nose in disgust. *Even Fairy’s chamber is better than that*, Jin Ling thought.

“Stop playing dead!” a fat brat yelled as he kick Wei Wuxian.

‘That’s quite a lot of courage you have to kick me, the Patriarch.’

The audience shivered in fear at the tone that Yiling Patriarch used. *That kid is going to die.* They sent a mental prayer to the poor soul of the kid whose life will be taken by the frightening Demonic Cultivator. Even Wen Chao shuddered remembering how Wei Wuxian took his life.

Wei Wuxian also jumped a little on his seat but not because of his tone but because his *inner thoughts* are being disclosed to the *public*.

“What the hell?!” Jiang Cheng snapped beside him when he let out a whimper.

“My thoughts...” It took Jiang Cheng several seconds before understanding what Wei Wuxian meant.

“Oh, fuck...”

“What is it, Jiang-xiong?” Nie Huaisang chimed in from the seat behind them after he heard his friend curse.

“His thoughts...” he replied, pointing at Wei Wuxian.

“Oh?” he said before, “Oh... oh shit.”

Every cultivator who doesn’t know Wei Wuxian personally thought, *it’s just thoughts, how bad could it be? How bad...*

“Whose land do you think you’re living on? Whose rice are you eating? Whose money are you spending? What’s wrong with taking a few of your belongings? Everything you own should be mine, anyways!”

The sound of crashing and smashing furniture can be heard. Eventually, his sight cleared up.

“How dare you tell Father and Mother? Did you really think that anybody in this house is going to listen to you? You actually thought I was scared of you!”

A few servant-like hunks shifted over, “Young Master, everything is smashed!”

The young master asked, “How did you finish it this quickly?”

A manservant replied, “There’s nothing much inside this shack anyways.”

The young master seemed to be quite pleased, poking Wei WuXian forcefully on the nose, “You dared to tell on me, and look at you now, playing dead on the ground! For whom? As if

anyone actually wants these piles of junk! Now that I've smashed everything, let's see how you're gonna tell on me in the future! Are you proud of yourself just because you've studied cultivation for a few years? Well, how does it feel when you've been kicked back home like a stray dog?"

"Fucking brat!" A middle-aged woman spat. Based on the color of her robes, it looks like she came from a minor sect.

No one dared to lecture her for her language for she only said what everyone thinks.

'I'm not pretending to be dead at all, since I've actually been dead for a couple of years.

Who is this?

Where am I?

When did I do something as immoral as stealing another's body?'

Few cultivators seating at the back of the room scoffed.

The young master let out enough anger by kicking the person and wrecking the house, and strutted out with his two manservants, slamming the door with a "bang". He shouted his orders, "Watch carefully. Don't let him outside anytime this month, or he'll make a fool of himself again!"

As the group went away, silence fell upon the room. Wei Wuxian thought about getting up.

However, his limbs failed to uphold themselves, so he lay down again. He turned on his side and stared dizzily at the strange environment and the heaps of mess on the ground.

A bronze mirror rested on the side, probably thrown onto the ground. Wei Wuxian grabbed it and looked into the mirror, only to see a ghastly pale face, with two asymmetrical piles of red on each side of his cheek. Add a blood-red tongue onto the features, and he would look like a hanged ghost. He tossed the mirror to the side and wiped his face, finding his hand covered with white powder.

"Suits you." Jiang Cheng teased, still looking at the screen. Wei Wuxian responded by punching his brother's arm.

After some energy came back to his new body, he sat up to look around the room and noticed the circular array beneath him.

Just one look and he already knew what that array is for; after all, he is the Grandmaster of Demonic Cultivation. This was the forbidden technique opposite to stealing another's body—offering one's body.

Wei Wuxian raised his hands to find that, unsurprisingly, both of his wrists were crisscrossed with multiple cuts. He proceeded to take off his belt. Under the black clothes, his chest and stomach areas were also covered with what seemed to be lacerations from a sharp tool. Although the bleeding had stopped, Wei Wuxian knew that these weren't normal wounds. If he didn't fulfill the wish of the body's owner, the wounds would not be able to heal. It would worsen as the time goes on, and if the time limit was passed, both his soul and this body would be ripped apart.

Some of the audiences hissed at the sight of it. Jiang Yanli looked worriedly to Wei Wuxian who only smiled brightly and lifted his arms to show that none of the cuts are present.

“He's already fine, A-Jie. His skin is tougher than a bull.” Jiang Cheng said jokingly with a straight face which earned him a chuckle from his sister.

“Shijie my new body is *very* delicate.” Wei Wuxian pouted, not minding the disgusted look his brother is giving him.

“Ugh.” Jiang faked a vomit then rolled his eyes at Wei Wuxian.

Jiang Yanli is now hiding her laugh behind her sleeves. Jiang Fengmian, who is seated behind with his wife and former Sect Leader Nie, smiled seeing their children's antics.

The scene warmed the heart of the senior cultivators from Jiang sect as they were reminded of the old days before everything was taken away from them.

“How fucked up is this person's life?” Wei Wuxian asked rhetorically after reading the crumpled piece of paper on the floor.

The paper contained some important information about Mo Xuanyu. It stated that he was a bastard son of a Sect Leader. But the said Sect leader grew tired of them after a few years and left Mo Xuanyu and his mother when he turned four. When he became fourteen, he was took back in by his father. Not long after he was kicked out of the sect for being a cutsleeve.

The incident brought shame to the Mo family. When he came back, Mo Xuanyu often behaved in a crazed manner so he was known to be a homosexual lunatic. Shortly, his mother choked to death because of the trauma. The first-lady of Mo became in charge of the household and bullied him for the shame he brought to the family. Her only son, Mo Ziyuan made his miserable life even more miserable by humiliating and cursing his cousin because of jealousy that he was never given a chance to be a cultivator like Mo Xuanyu had. Mo Ziyuan also has an interest with talismans, elixirs, and magic tools, so he take Mo Xuanyu's possessions regarding them as his.

Although Mo Xuanyu often switched in and out of being a lunatic, he did understand that he was degraded by others. He tolerated it, but Mo Ziyuan further intensified his behaviour, almost emptying his whole room. His patience had finally drained out and he complained to his aunt and uncle, causing Mo Ziyuan's commotion from this morning.

Everyone in the room looked at Jin Guangshan with plain disgust. *It's not as if you'll die if you don't shoot your seeds inside every woman you find attractive. Tsk tsk.*

Jin Zixuan glanced at Wei Wuxian's direction, *Weird, my brother-in-law is in my brother's body...*

Mo Xuanyu skipped a step in summoning and didn't chant his wish but Wei Wuxian guesses that his wish is revenge against his own family but he doesn't know to what extent. Does Wei Wuxian have to retrieve the items that were taken from him? Or to beat up everyone of the Mo family?

Or... to wipe out the whole family?

In all likelihood, it was probably to wipe out the whole family. After all, anyone who touched upon the cultivation world would know what phrases were used most often to describe him—ungrateful, eccentric, not recognizing his own family, intolerable by Heaven, and other spectacular terms. Was there anyone else more “villainous” than him? If Mo Xuanyu had dared to summon him specifically, the wish was most likely not an easily fulfilled one.

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but to say, “You've got the wrong person...”

Lan Wangji tightened his grip on Wei Wuxian's waist, “Lan Zhan” Wei Wuxian gave his husband a reassuring smile. After all the time they spent together, Lan Wangji knows what that smile means. Wei Ying is trying to tell him that he's fine already and that it doesn't matter anymore.

Lan Wangji squeezed his husband's waist one last time before relaxing his grip. Wei Wuxian took Wangji's other hand and placed a soft kiss on it. Whether or not Jiang Cheng grunted in distaste doesn't matter because Wei Wuxian will ignore his bitter brother either way.

Lan Xichen heard the whole conversation between the couple and knew what exactly made his brother upset but Lan Qiren begs to differ because every phrase that was used to describe Wei Wuxian was perfectly accurate.

Wei Wuxian felt lightheaded and he don't know why then a noise came from his stomach.

'Ah... this body had not practiced inedia. Don't tell me I'll be the first sinister ghoul who starved to death upon arrival.'

The junior disciples chuckled at Wei Wuxian's babbling to himself which earned them a glare from adults who hated the Yiling Patriarch, *these elders act like they have a stick up their a—*

Wei WuXian lifted his foot and was about to kick the door open, when suddenly, the sound of approaching footsteps appeared. Someone stomped on the door and grunted, "It's mealtime!"

Nonetheless, there was no indication of the door being opened. Wei WuXian lowered his head and saw a miniature door on the bottom of this one opening, with a small bowl set in front of it.

The servant outside shouted again, "Chop-chop! What are you waiting for? Take the bowl out after you finish!"

"What the hell is their problem?! Are you a dog?!! Even a dog gets treated better than that." Jin Ling snapped at the screen. Wei Wuxian shivered at the thought of those vicious beasts.

"A-Ling, language." Jiang Yanli said in a reprimanding tone. Jin Ling immediately shrank in his seat out of embarrassment to his mother.

"Sorry..." Yanli patted his head like what he used to do to her brothers when they were kids.

Wei Wuxian listened in to the cringe-worthy conversation of the two servants outside the door. Apart from A-Tong's embarrassing bragging, Wei Wuxian learned that there were cultivators from a prominent sect who came to take care of the low-level corpse that were disturbing the Mo Village.

After what felt like hours of listening to the servants' discomfoting attempt to flirt at each other, Wei Wuxian stood up and kicked the door. A-Ding and A-Tong screamed when the door suddenly flung open. But as A-Tong saw that it was only Mo Xuanyu, the person whom everyone can humiliate, he jumped over and waved his hands like he was reproaching a dog, "Shoo! Shoo! Go away! Why did you come out?"

A-tong received light kick which knocked him over. Wei Wuxian laughed at the sight of the servant, "How daring of a mere errand-running child to humiliate others like this."

Jingyi let out a low whistle, “Well deserved.”, then clapped slowly to Wei Wuxian. Some junior disciples from different sects followed his lead and soon enough the room is filled with applause and whistling (mostly from junior disciples that Wei Wuxian had interacted with) while the easily pleased demonic cultivator is now bowing with a sneer plastered on his face.

This earned a hiss from the bitter cultivators from the audience, a usual “Shameless!” remark from Lan Qiren, and a constipated-angry look from Jiang Wanyin. Yu Ziyuan is sporting a guise similar to her son while Jiang Fengmian and Yanli both seemed amused of the boy’s antics.

“How brazen can this boy be?!” Yu Ziyuan huffed, hearing the howl-like laughter of her husband’s adopted son.

“Let them be, my lady.” Jiang Fengmian interjects. Yu Ziyuan only gave an annoyed huff in response.

With that, he headed towards the East Hall where a lot of people crowded in around. “A member from the younger generations of our family used to be a cultivator as well...”

Wei Wuxian didn’t wait for Madam Mo to finish speaking and quickly hustled through the crowd, into the hall, and grinned, “I’m coming, I’m coming. Right here!”

The people chattering stopped when they saw the shameless freak who interrupted the meeting, “Who was calling me earlier? I am the only one who used to be a cultivator!”

There was too much powder on his face, and as he smiled, the powder sprinkled off. A younger cultivator was on the brink of laughing, letting out a pfft sound. His face grew serious again as another one, seemingly the leader of the group, gave him a disapproving look.

“Oh, hey! Sizhui, it’s us!” Jingyi squealed in delight but when he noticed the look Lan Qiren and the Elders are giving him, Jingyi immediately straightened his posture and turned to look at the screen again.

Wei Wuxian followed the voice and scanned over. He thought that the servants were being ignorant and exaggerated the situation, but he was surprised to see that they were really disciples of a “prominent sect”.

He was greeted by a familiar pure white robes and forehead ribbons with cloud patterns sewn onto them which mean that they are direct descendants from GusuLan sect.

‘Mourning clothes’, Wei Wuxian thought.

The room echoed a collective gasps from the elders of GusuLan who take pride in whatever they do and everything they own.

Lan Qiren went several shades from red to purple under a few seconds, “You– How insolent! You, uncivilized philistine, dare to mock our–“

“Uncle, do not speak ill of others. Be easy on others. Do not use bad words to hurt others. Do not argue with your family, for it doesn’t matter who wins.”**

“Family?! What family?!” Lan Qiren is still reluctant to accept that Wei Wuxian, the living headache of Gusu, is now part of his family.

“Uncle, Wuxian is a Lan now.” Xichen intervened in attempt to dissipate the situation only it did the complete opposite.

“What?!”

“A Lan?!”

“Wait, who?!”

“Isn’t he from Yunmeng?” Wen Chao whispered to his brother and received a shrug in response.

“He might be a bastard of a Lan.”

“Ooh, maybe Lan Wangji and him are half-brothers.” The Wen ~~dumb and dumber~~ brothers gossiped quietly to each other. Wen Ruohan heard their exchanged and thought, *‘hmm... possible...’*

Wei Wuxian isn’t sure if he was imagining it or if he’s going mad but swear he heard the familiar crackling of Zidian behind him. He turned around to see a poker faced Madam Yu (which is more frightening than the usual angry Madam Yu).

“Wei Ying, explain.”

“Ah... Lan Zhan and I... We’re married.” Wei Wuxian ran his fingers through Lan Wangji’s forehead ribbon to prove it then gave a sheepish smile to his adoptive parents.

“... ”

“... ”

“... ”

“Oh, so they’re not half-brothers.”

After a minute of stunned silence from the previously dead people and cultivators who had no way to confirm what really is going on between the esteemed Hanguang-jun and monstrous Yiling Patriarch (even after what they were shown earlier), Yu Ziyuan broke the silence, “Well, I’m glad you are wedded to someone I approve of.”

“No wonder they’re joined at the hip since I got here.” Jin Zixuan said to no one in particular.

“A-Xian, congratulations!” Jiang Yanli stood up to give her brother a hug.

“Thank you, A-Jie.”

“They’re cutsleeves?! What the hell?! Disgusting!!” A scoff by the ever boisterous, even after he died, Jin Zixun.

“Do you have a problem with that, Young Master Jin?” This time, it was Wen Qing who stood up as elegant as she had been when she was alive, her tone still spine-chilling.

“H-How dare a Wen pig r-reprimand me?!”

“I’m not reprimanding you, Young Master Jin.” Wen Qing donned a practiced smile she had given Wen Ruohan many times to count. “This humble one is merely asking. Does the *high and mighty* Young Master Jin not know the difference between the two?” she asked, each word oozing with sarcasm.

“YOU BITC—“

Jiang Yanli faced the said Young Master. “Pardon me for interrupting *benevolent* Young Master Jin but you are in no position to judge *my* brother’s relationship.”

“Young Mis— Madam Jiang, I am simply stating that it is not right for two men to be together.”

“And as I’ve said you are in no position to judge them.”

Jin Zixun rolled his eyes at her and whispered, “This useless woman” thoughtlessly. Unfortunately for him, everything was too quiet, even the people in the screen came to a halt when the commotion started, so his words were heard by everyone. Every. Single. One.

Almost instantly, the room’s temperature dropped several degrees Celsius. The cultivators who were quietly and amusedly watching the drama unveil in front now wishes to go home quickly where they will be safe from the raging *insanely powerful* cultivators before them.

“Repeat it.” Jin Zixuan commanded threateningly. His father’s tone made Jin Ling’s hair stand on end. It was not only Jin Ling, each person present held their breath as this is the first time they witnessed former Jin Zixuan truly angry.

“Did you not hear me?” Jin Zixuan asked when the man in question did not answer.

Jin Zixun is now trembling where he stands, his hands getting sweatier by the minute. “B-but Cousin! What I said is true, i-isn’t it?!” he yelled in defense, his pride not letting him back down, especially not in front of this many cultivators.

In a blink of an eye, Wei Wuxian got surrounded by a black mist, gust of wind blowing his luscious hair and flowy robes. Although the mist wasn’t as thick as it would have been if they were in their own world, it was enough to scare the useless life out of Jin Zixun.

“What did you just say?!” Jiang Cheng bellowed, his thumb caressing the ring on his finger.

“Ah. Jiang Cheng, that guy must have had a death wish.” Wei Wuxian’s tone is playful and his scorn turning into a smirk.

“Oi, Jin Zixun. I may not have spiritual energy right now but I am still capable of slaughtering you, barehanded or not. Wanna die again?” If there’s anything Jiang Cheng learned in being a Sect Leader, it was to threat someone without having to raise his voice (unless the one he’s threatening is Wei Wuxian or Jin Ling).

If there is something Jin Ling fears more than his angry jiujiu, it is his *calm* jiujiu.

“I don’t even have to take one step to kill you. Just a flick and *poof*. Convenient, right? Perfect for worthless piece of shit like you.” Wei Wuxian’s eyes are now glowing red, his laugh almost maniacal.

Senior Wei is someone almost all of the juniors look up to. Someone who is playful but takes a good care of them whenever they go to night hunts, will throw them into danger’s way so they would *learn* quickly but will also come to their rescue if they face something they could not beat. But Senior Wei isn’t *their Senior Wei* anymore, this is *Yiling Patriarch*. This is someone the junior disciples have never met before and they’re praying they would not have to meet again.

Jiang Yanli’s soft chuckle took everyone by surprise. She lifted her head to look directly at the man slandering her. A smile present on her face. It was everything but soft like the giggle she let out earlier. It was calm yet eerie and spine-chilling. One that resembles Yiling Patriarch’s when they were in Nightless City.

She took one step forward towards where her husband’s cousin is standing. “The blood of Purple Spider and the former Sect Leader of YunmengJiang runs through my veins.” Her smile growing wider with each step she takes. “I raised and grew up with *Sandu Shengshou* and *Yiling Patriarch*, both of whom the cultivation world fear so much and I may have a low cultivation but I learned enough from medics of Sunshot Campaign to know which points will grant you an instant death and which ones will make you wish you *stayed* dead. Do you wish to challenge me, *Young Master Jin*?”

By the time she finished speaking, the distanced between them closed in. Jin Zixun’s knees had grown weak from pressure which resulted to him sinking back to his seat between Jin

Guangyao and Jin Guangshan. Jiang Yanli is now towering over him. With tears flowing down his cheek, Jin Zixun shook his head.

“Take care of yourself, Jin Zixun.” She said with her usual gentle smile before going back to her seat.

“Pfft.” Everyone turned to the person who made the sound.

“Do you also have a comment about my brother’s relationship, Sect Leader Wen?” Jiang Yanli questioned the only person who made a noise after the disagreement.

“Oh no, Madam Jiang. I may be an evil villain but I draw the line at homophobia.” He stated composedly. “I’m only worried that the poor boy may have peed himself in fear of you.” Wen Ruohan pointed at still-crying-like-a-baby Jin Zixun.

“Jin Ling, your family is terrifying.” Jingyi still can’t believe what they had witnessed.

Meanwhile, Jin Ling, who switched seats with his father so he can talk to his friends, is having a flashback of when his Uncle told him tales about his grandmother.

“Yeah... It might be hereditary.”

Chapter End Notes

** [GusuLan Sect Rules](#)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After a minute of awkward (terrified) silence, the people in the screen started moving again.

“You..! Damn madman! If you don’t go back now, wait and see how I’ll punish you!” the man beside Madam Mo scolded Wei Wuxian. A servant tried to pull him by the collar to drag him away but he stood firmly on the floor.

Wei Wuxian crossed his arms and spoke, “I could go back if you wanted me to,” he pointed at Mo Ziyuan, “but tell him to return he things he stole from me first.”

Mo Ziyuan paled at his cousin’s words then yelled that he didn’t still anything and that he doesn’t even need to steal from him. At this, Madam Mo interfered before his son could embarrass himself in front of the disciples from Gusu.

She defended Mo Ziyuan’s actions by saying that Mo Xuanyu is being disrespectful for saying that to his family and that his ‘little brother’ only ‘borrowed’ it to have a look.

“Wasn’t it just earlier when your son was kicking your so-called *family* member?! You only recognize him as a family when it’s convenient for you, huh? The audacity of this woman!” A woman in green robes, who’s probably few years older than Sizhui, ranted.

“A-Ju, lower your voice.” Her friend whispered, nervously glancing around.

“What? Am I wrong?”

“No, but-”

“Some people truly will only accept you as a family when you are of use to them.” Jin Guangyao cut in.

Jin Guangshan squirmed in his seat while Nie Mingjue scowled hearing the voice of the person who killed him.

Lady Mo glowered at him, signaling for him to not worsen the situation. However, Wei Wuxian spoke again, “Not only should he not have stolen my belongings, he shouldn’t have

stolen them in the middle of the night. Everyone knows that I am into men. Even if he was not ashamed, I knew to not look suspicious.”

Lady Mo gasped and shouted, “What are you talking about, in front of the villagers? How shameless—A-Yuan is your cousin!”

“Even though he knew that I was his cousin, he chose to not avoid me, so who was more shameless? I don’t care about your reputation, but don’t ruin my innocence! I still want to find a good man!”

Almost all of the junior disciples muffled a chuckle in their sleeves, even Lan Sizhui who is regarded as a model student of Lan Qiren. Only Jingyi let out a noise similar to hyena.

Jiang Cheng snorted at his brother’s shamelessness, “Innocence? What innocence?”

“Jiang Cheng, I’m way more innocent than you are. Even your ideal ty-”

“Wei Wuxian!”

“A-Xian, at least you did find a good man to marry.” Yanli giggled.

Wei Wuxian stuck his lower lip into a pout “Ahhh Shijie, now you’re teaming up with Jiang Cheng to bully me.”

“What? You think she’s gonna help you out? Keep dreaming.” Jiang Cheng said smugly.

“You are not kids anymore. What nonsense are you arguing about?!” Yu Ziyuan hissed behind them, although her words have no bite but more of a reflex.

The three Jiangs immediately clamped their mouths, said “Sorry Madam.” in unison, and turned their attention back on screen.

Mo Ziyuan got eaten up by his anger and started swinging a chair at Wei Wuxian He dodged the chair which only smashed on the ground and fled towards the group of boys from Lan sect. “Did everyone see that? Did you? The burglar is also beating someone up! How heartless!”

Mo ZiYuan chased him, and was close to pouncing on him, when the leader of the boys hurriedly stopped him, “Please calm down. Words are more powerful than weapons.”

“Ohh, my little Sizhui is so mature.” Wei Wuxian cooed. Even though he didn’t earn any verbal response from A-Yuan, his tomato red face is enough to satisfy his need for reaction.

“This is my younger sister’s son. He’s not so bright here; everyone from the Mo Village knows that he is a lunatic, and often speaks strange words that shouldn’t be taken seriously. Cultivator, please...” Madam Mo rambled seeing that the boy is deliberately protecting the lunatic.

“Who said that my words shouldn’t be taken seriously? Next time, try stealing anything from me again. You steal once, and I cut off one of your hands!” Wei Wuxian interrupted.

“I was not aware that you gained the ability to tell the future.” Jiang Cheng teased. He heard what happened in Mo Manor from Jin Ling who heard it from Jingyi.

“Shut up.”

Mo ZiYuan was originally held down by his father, but, after hearing this, he was close to losing his temper again. Wei WuXian lept outside quickly, and the boy blocked the entrance at once, switching to another topic with a serious tone, “Then, we will borrow the West Courtyard for the night. Please remember the things that I’ve talked about—after nightfall, close all of the windows, don’t come outside, or worse, walk toward the courtyard.”

Madam Mo was shaking from anger, “Yes, yes, please...” Mo ZiYuan found it beyond belief, “Mom! The lunatic insulted me in front of so many people, and that’s it? You told me before; you told me that he was only a...”

Madam Mo commanded, “Be quiet. Can’t you wait until we go back?”

‘This lunatic is going down tonight!’ Mo Ziyuan thought, full of hatred.

“Oh, Wei-xiong! Your thoughts aren’t the only one being said out loud!” Nie Huaisang gasped, afraid that his thoughts may also be broadcasted.

Everyone in the room stiffened when they heard him.

“Wei Wuxian! What demonic cultivation are you using this time?!” a cultivator shouted from the back.

“I already told you it is not me. Why are you people so adamant on pinning this on me?!” Wei Wuxian snapped annoyedly at the cultivators’ repetitive accusations against him.

“Who else would read minds of others and make us watch this nonsense!”

“Well, not me for sure. Why the hell would I want *my own* thoughts to be revealed in public?! And when would I even have the time to make *this*.” Wei Wuxian gestured at the large screen

in front of them.

“You are the Yiling Patriarch, after all. Who knows what you could’ve been doing at night?!”

“Dual Cultivating with me.” A voice chimed in.

“...”

“...”

“...”

“...”

The room stilled.

No one moved.

No one blinked.

No one even dared to breath.

“Ah Lan Zhan... Why am I the one who’s shameless when you are the one spouting things like this.” Wei Wuxian said, his face the same shade as the ribbon on his hair.

“Ahem.” Jiang Cheng broke the awkwardness. “Can we please continue watching. Peacefully.”

“Yes, *please*.” Lan Xichen seconded. Although he did play a role into getting his brother and Wuxian together, he doesn’t want to hear about their nightly activities.

*Wei Wuxian strolled around the courtyard and saw the Lan disciples arranging the **Phantom Attraction Flags**.*

‘Even though the cultivation world hates me so much they still use my creations, huh?’ Wei Wuxian thought bitterly.

Almost everyone lowered their head or shrunk in their seats out of embarrassment.

The disciples who saw him idling around the area tried to chase him away kindly but Wei Wuxian jumped on the roof to inspect the flags which caught them off guard.

“Do not move. That is not something you should take.” A disciple ran after him.

“I’m not giving it back, I’m not giving it back! I want this thing! I want this!”

“If you are not going to give it back, I am going to hit you!”

“Jingyi, report for punishment after we get back.” Lan Wangji said after seeing the said disciple threaten his husband.

“Yes, Hanguang-jun.” Jingyi bowed perfectly even though his knees are shaking. “I apologize for my behavior, Senior Wei.”

“Ah. It’s fine. I would probably act the same way if I were in your shoes.” Wei Wuxian laughed heartily, to Jingyi’s relief.

“Jingyi, cut it out. Do not make a fuss about it and just take the flag.” Sizhui intervened.

“Sizhui, I did not actually hit him! Look at him, messing up the flag formation!”

Wei Wuxian looked up at his husband and whispered, “You taught him well.”

“Mn.” It was all Lan Wangji said but Wei Wuxian can hear a little smugness in his tone.

After Wei Wuxian checked that there is nothing wrong with the flag, he threw it back to the ground.

“It’s just a dumb flag. I can draw better than that, anyway.” Wei Wuxian said before sprinting.

“Everything that comes out of your mouth is so stupid” Jiang Cheng bantered.

“Jiang Cheng.”

“...”

“...”

“You—” It took him a few seconds to get what Wei Wuxian meant.

His hand was an inch away from smacking Wei Wuxian’s head when they heard a familiar hiss from behind them. The two man-child instantly stopped in their tracks and sat in perfect posture.

“tch.” Madam Yu clicked her tongue.

Wei Wuxian was dragged out of Mo Xuanyu's room before daylight came. The main hall is now lit up.

"Bring the lunatic here! Make him pay for what he did!"

'Did something go with the flags that were set up?' Wei Wuxian wondered.

When he arrived (dragged) at the hall, everyone was already there. The servants and relatives are all present.

Madam Mo's face was tear-stained but as soon as she saw Wei Wuxian, her eyes grew dark.

Wei Wuxian looked around to see a body laying on the ground covered with white cloth.

"... The corpse was found by the hallway in East Courtyard." He heard a disciple say.

Mo Ziyuan's corpse looks like everything was sucked out of it. If before he just looks ugly, now, he looks both old and ugly.

Madam Mo lunged at Wei Wuxian with a dagger in her hand. Lan Sizhui immediately knocked it off her but before he can talk, Madam Mo shrieked. "My son died a tragic death, so I am only avenging him! What are you stopping me for?"

"How does your son's tragic death concern me?" Wei Wuxian said, hiding behind Sizhui.

The lead disciple tried to reason out that her nephew wasn't the one who killed her son but his words only fell into deaf ears.

Madam Mo spoke, "Do you see this? Everyone who were here heard what the lunatic said, right? He said that, if A-Yuan touched his belongings again, he would cut off his hand! ... My poor A-Yuan... Although he didn't do anything to him at all, he was not only framed, but also killed as well... The lunatic is out of his mind..."

Wei Wuxian ignored her and turned to Mo Ziyuan's corpse to fish something out of his robes. It was a Phantom Attraction Flag. 'He had it coming.' Wei Wuxian uttered.

The Lan disciples saw what it was and immediately understood the situation.

It wasn't Mo Xuanyu that killed him but his own stupidity. If Mo Ziyuan hadn't fancied the flag and stole it from the formation, he wouldn't be a living target of the unknown being that took his arm and killed him.

The screen showed Mo Xuanyu or, in this case, Wei Wuxian's wrist. The audience hissed at the sight of his nasty cuts but one of it had magically healed which means that Mo Ziyuan's death is one of Xuanyu's requests.

Madam Mo's impatience and rage caused her to throw a teacup at Wei Wuxian's direction. "If you didn't frame him in front of so many people yesterday, would he go out in the middle of the night? It's all your fault, you son of a bitch!" She turned to Lan SiZhui and screeched, "And you! You bunch of useless fools! You cultivate and ward off evil spirits, but you can't even protect him! A-Yuan is still a child!"

"W-what?! How dare she act towards our disciples like that!" Lan Qiren fumed seeing how Madam Yu redirected her anger to the Lan disciples.

"Uncle, do not make an uproar and do not succumb to rage." Xichen recalled the rules to his uncle (it is his and his brother's guilty pleasure).

"Qiren, calm down." A Lan Elder said agreeing with Xichen.

Humph was all Lan Qiren said before composing himself befitting of the Lan surname.

Wei Wuxian looked at the boys' blue faces, clearly feeling disrespected but had to keep it to themselves as it is against the rules to use violence against the powerless.

But Wei Wuxian is different from them. He can let loose however he want since he doesn't even have a reputation to protect anymore. 'What's the use their so-called "self-restraint"'? Watch me do this the right way!', he thought.

He spat loudly and spoke, "Who do you think you're taking out your anger on? Did you really see them as your servants? They traveled far and wide to come here and exorcise evil spirits for you without taking a penny. Do they owe you anything? How old is your son? He should be at least seventeen, and so, how is he still a 'child'? How young of a child does he have to be to not understand basic human language? Did they or did they not repeatedly instruct him to not touch anything in the formation and not approach the West Courtyard? Your son sneaked outside at night on his own. Is it my fault? Or is it his?"

The audience, who had been chattering among themselves about how this Madam Mo is so disrespectful to the juniors, sealed their mouths shut as they watch the so-called 'ruthless' Yiling Patriarch defending the boys.

Lan Xichen turned to Wei Wuxian and bowed his head. "Thank you for standing up for the juniors, Wuxian."

"Ah it's nothing, Xichen-ge. They're good kids. Anyone would want to protect them." Wei Wuxian said scratching the back of his head.

“Senior Wei is so cool.” Zizhen sighed dreamily.

“He’s always been like that.” Sizhui said without looking away from the screen.

“You’re talking as if you have known since you were a kid.” Jingyi teased.

It was at this moment Sizhui realized his slip-up. He forgot that he hadn’t told his friends about his true lineage yet.

“W-what I mean is—” his words were cut off by a high-pitched scream.

The juniors turned their head to look at the screen which now shows another corpse in a similar state as Mo Ziyuan.

Madam Mo fainted at the sight of his husband with blood and flesh sucked out of him and his left arm gone.

Lan Sizhui, Lan Jingyi, and the others also grew pale in the face. Lan Sizhui was the first to calm down and asked A-Tong, who lay on the ground, “Did you see what it was?”

The servant only shook his head, still unable to speak out of fear. Sizhui turned to Jingyi. “Did you send the signal?”

“I did, but if there are no seniors who can assist us in the area, it would take at least an hour for our people to come here. What should we do now? We don’t even know what it was.”

Lan Sizhui gritted his teeth, “Wait here for the reinforcements.”

Wei Wuxian couldn’t leave now because it is likely that what the disciples will face is something vicious so decided to stay but will lay low. If the person who came happened to know him or fought with him before, it would be hard to say what was going to happen next.

Although nervous, the boys still protected the Mo Manor by setting talismans onto the walls.

“A-Tong, you’re awake!” A-Ding exclaimed but the boy only raised his left hand and choked himself.

Seeing this, Sizhui tapped on the servant’s acupoints three times to stop him from moving.

Wei Wuxian knew that even though the Lan Sect disciples look very gentle in appearance, their arm strength is not something to be taken lightly.

“Really?” Jin Ling asked his friends.

“Give me your hand.” said Jingyi. Jin Ling complied without hesitation.

Sizhui can see a slight smirk on Jingyi's face as he proceeded to hold Jin Ling's wrist in a death grip.

"AHH!" Jin Ling yelled in pain. "What the hell?! If this leaves a bruise, I'm gonna break your legs!" He reached out his good hand to hit Jingyi in the face but landed on Sizhui's chest instead.

"Why would it leave a bruise? I didn't even hold you too tight and you are a cultivator, it will heal in a few minutes." Jingyi said with a shrug.

Jin Ling tried to smack Jingyi again but it came too short and was about to hit Suzhui's face. Thankfully, Sizhui has a quick reflex and instantly redirected it straight to Jingyi's cheek.

"Our spiritual energy are sealed, you dumbass!"

Sizhui glanced at Zizhen for help to calm the two bickering children but Zizhen only gave him a sympathetic smile and mouthed, "That is why I don't sit or stand between them." then continued to watch the screen in front of them.

To their surprise, A-Tong's grip on his neck only became tighter. Jingyi tried to help his friend but after a moment, they heard a 'crack' from the servant's neck. A-Tong's head drooped down; his neck already broken.

A sinister wind passes and extinguished the lights from the lanterns and candles. Everyone screamed, pushed and pulled, wanting to escape as fast as they could.

"Stay where you are and don't run! It's gonna catch whoever runs!" Lan Jingyi shouted.

Lan Sizhui ignited a talisman which won't be extinguished by sinister winds.

Wei Wuxian lifted his wrist to take a look at his cuts but he noticed something wrong. There were four cuts on him originally. One each for Mo Ziyuan, Mo Ziyuan's father, and A-Tong had healed when they died so there should be one more. But, right now, no cuts remained on his wrist.

His gaze moved towards Madam Mo who was surrounded by everyone. Wei Wuxian was sure that something was already possessing Madame Mo's body. If the being wasn't a spirit, then what was it?

Suddenly, A-Ding cried, "Hand... His hand! A-Tong's hand!"

Lan Sizhui moved the Flame Talisman to above A-Tong's body. Sure enough, his left hand had disappeared as well.

Wei Wuxian laughed when everything became clear to him to which Lan Jingyi snapped, "You idiot! How can you still laugh in a situation like this?" But, after a second thought, he knew that he was an idiot anyways, so what's the use of haggling over him?

“Jingyi, is that what you think of me?” Wei Wuxian asked while pouting, struggling to hide his laugh seeing the distress dawn over the teen’s face.

Jingyi immediately stood up and bowed in apology, “No, Senior Wei. It’s just that...” he trailed.

“You’re acting like an idiot. Everyone would think of you like that.” Jin Ling finished his friend’s sentence.

“Fair point.” Wei Wuxian chuckled at his nephew’s words. “No need to be so stiff around me, Jingyi. Relax a little.”

“Yes, Senior Wei.”

Wei Wuxian pointed at the corpses which lay on the ground. “These are not them.”

Lan Sizhui stopped the fuming Lan Jingyi and asked, “What do you mean by ‘these are not them’?”

“This is not Mo Ziyuan’s dad, and this is not A-Tong either.”

His words sent chills up everyone’s backs. Lan Sizhui stared for a second, and asked in spite of himself, “Why?”

“Yeah, why?” A junior cultivator asked his friends.

“I’m not sure either, Zhaohui. Maybe they are possessed?”

“If I’m going to take a guess, I think it has something to do with the missing arms.” One of them said.

“Why do you think so, Xiaodan?”

“Liwei, don’t you find it odd that it seems like they’re emphasizing it since earlier?” he explained, gesturing to the screen.

“Hmm. You have a point.”

“Their hands. None of them were left-handed. I’m sure of this, because they’d always hit me with their right hands.”

Lan Sizhui recalled the commotion that happened earlier in the day and compared it to the corpses actions before they died. He observed Madam Mo from her face to her hands. Her

right hand was those undoubtedly of a woman but her left hand was much thicker more of man's hand.

"Take a hold of her!" He commanded.

"Little Sizhui, you have sharp eyes. Good observation. Right, Lan Zhan?" Wei Wuxian said.

"Mn." Lan Wangji nodded in agreement to his husband.

Sizhui's face had gone red in embarrassment because of the praise from his parents. "Thank you, Senior Wei. Thank you, Hanguang-jun." He bowed.

"Must be nice to be Sizhui." Jingyi pouted next to him. "He's being praised while I'm here getting punishments."

"If only you follow your sect's rules like Sizhui then you would've been praised too." Zizhen pointed out.

Jin Ling muffles his laugh in his sleeve and teased. "Pfft. As if. He can't even remember the last thousand rules on that wall."

"You don't even know the *first* thousand of it. Don't get arrogant with me, Young Mistress Jin." Jingyi said as he stuck his tongue out.

Jin Ling raised a brow at the title his friend called him. "I won't live there so I don't have to, unlike you."

"Stop it. I can't hear the show." Sizhui tried to break off the war going on both of his sides.

"You already experience that. Do you really have to relive the moment?" Jin Ling rebutted.

Sizhui glanced at Zizhen, for the second time, hoping that he would help. Zizhen sighed in defeat. *Who could have refuse Sizhui's doe eyes*, he thought.

"Knock it off, you two. Yes, I've heard your stories about it." He said when Jingyi was about to interrupt him. "But I haven't seen it. Be good kids and do this old man a favor, yeah?"

"You are, literally, the same age as us!" Jin Ling exclaimed.

"Correction, I'm the same age as them," He pointed to Sizhui and Jingyi. "But not you. You are younger than us."

The three older boys chuckled at Jin Ling's fuming face as this is a sore topic for him. He doesn't like the fact that he is younger than his friends.

"There's not much of a gap!" He yelled, not willing to drop the matter. His voice garnered the attention of the cultivators in the room.

“Boys, behave.” Jin Zixuan said firmly. It was short scolding but enough to shut them up.

“Sorry, Senior Jin” “Sorry, Father.” The four boys all bowed at the same time.

Yanli giggled at the sight of her son and his friends.

“Lower your voice if you want to chat, okay? Do not disturb others.” She said with a motherly smile.

“Yes, Madam Jiang.” “Yes, Mother.” They said in unison.

When the four of them turned to watch again, the screen showed Jingyi being kicked by Wei Wuxian towards Sizhui. His robes flamed green as the arm coming for Sizhui made contact to the cloth.

“Why did you kick me, you lunatic? Did you want to kill me?” His voice from the screen resonated along the room.

“It wasn’t me!” Wei Wuxian scampered away.

“Woah!”

“That was a brilliant move.”

“How did he know there were incantations sewn into our robes?”

“I heard from someone that the Yiling Patriarch used to attend classes in Cloud Recesses but he got kicked out.”

“What was the reason?”

“Hmm. I don’t know either. They only heard it from someone, too.”

“But wasn’t gossiping against your sect’s rules?”

“...”

“...”

The Lan disciples, who were talking to their friends from other sects, clamped their mouths shut.

“Thanks to Senior Wei, you two are still alive.” Zizhen said to the two Lans beside him.

A blush crept up their faces from embarrassment for the way they acted to their Senior Wei's goodwill.

They stood up and bowed towards his direction. "Thank you for your aid, Senior Wei."

"Ah. Don't mind it." He said nonchalantly.

Wei Wuxian looked at his husband and said, "They're so cute, aren't they?"

Lan Zhan stared at Wei Wuxian's face for a while and glance at the juniors. "Mn."

Wei Wuxian giggled before turning back to the show.

Meanwhile, Jiang Cheng retched seeing his brother flirting with his husband. "Go be disgusting somewhere I won't see you."

"Then close your eyes." Wei Wuxian smirk knowing that his brother would rather sit beside an idiot he knows than the other idiots at the back.

"Everyone! Take off your coats and cover it to the left arm!" Sizhui instructed.

The robes created a green inferno when it covered the arm. But Wei Wuxian know that this only temporary until the uniforms were completely burned to ash.

He ran to the West Courtyard when no one was looking. Two claps from him and the corpses that were subdued by the Lan disciples all woke up.

"That easy?!" A female cultivator, about the age of Jin Ling, yelled in shock.

"Young Mistress..." Wei Wuxian trailed.

"Xiang Liu. Courtesy name, Xiang Daiyu greets the Yiling Patriarch." She said and bowed with her hands clasped.

"Young Mistress Xiang. To answer your question earlier, well, it's both yes and no. Yes, it is easy for me because after all, I am the Grandmaster of demonic cultivation. But if someone inexperienced tried to tap into resentful energy, it might interfere with the flow of their spiritual energy and will cause damage to their golden core."

"What are you teaching to these young cultivators?!" Sect Leader Yao fumed then pointed to Xiang Daiyu, "And you, you dare to ask such immoral question! Is that how you were taught?!"

Another woman, probably a little older than Lan Xichen, stood up and bowed gracefully to the furious man. "Forgive me for talking out of turn, Sect Leader Yao. But if I had understood it correctly, my disciple is merely *asking* out of curiosity. I'm sorry but we, in our sect, do not

deny our disciples of their right to appease their curious minds so long as they do no harm to others. I'd appreciate it if you don't talk to *my* disciple with such tone, Sect Leader Yao."

Sect Leader Yao was left gaping for a minute before he sat back down, not meeting the intense glare of the woman.

"She's cool. Who is she?" asked Zizhen.

Sizhui glanced at the woman and said, "Wu Cuifen, Sect Leader of the newly found MiranWu. We met her before while night-hunting."

"Oh yes! I remember. She was really amazing back there. Sect Leader Wu took down a possessed tiger by herself!" Jingyi said excitedly.

"And her movements were really graceful too. I wonder what sect style of swordsmanship she used." Sizhui uttered.

By the time the juniors' attentions are back on the screen. Wei Wuxian already went back to the East Hall and was ordering Mo Ziyuan and his mother's corpses since the previous corpses were too weak-willed and doesn't have enough resent and hate.

"Wake up!" he spoke in a low voice.

Instantly, the mother and son's eyes turned white and they made an awful noise that ferocious ghosts make when they came back to life. Another corpse's shriek can be heard not far from them which came from Madam Mo's husband.

"Do you recognize the hand outside?" he smirked. "Tear it apart."

In his command, the three members of the Mo family whipped out like three clouds of black wind.

The left arm fractured one of the swords, and was about to break out, when three cruel corpses without left arms came at it.

The cultivators were in awe when they saw the battle between the fierce corpses. It was sickening, vicious, vile, and diabolical but it was also undeniably thrilling.

Even the elders and senior disciples can't let their eyes leave the screen for a second. As for the juniors...

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck! I never knew I'd ever get to witness such fight like this. This is fucking exhilarating!" A young man said while slapping his friend's arm, grinning like a madman.

“Stop with your cursing, will you? And do not hit me.” He groaned without looking away from the scene.

“Shut it, the two of you! I can’t focus watching.” A girl said and kicked the seat in front of her where the two boys are seated.

Wei Wuxian was preparing to blow a whistle as he watches the Mo family close to defeat when two strums of a stringed instrument echoes throughout the air.

“HANGUANG-JUN!” the junior disciples leaped along with the Lan disciples on screen.

They immediately sat down in a perfect posture with a straight back when they realize what they had done, other cultivators staring— no, glaring at them. Their blood started to run up their faces out of shame.

“AAHHH!!! Hanguang-jun is so stunning!”

“Wei Wuxian! Stop screaming so close to my ear.”

“But Jiang Cheng, look at him.” Wei Wuxian raised both of his hands towards the screen. “Isn’t he gorgeous?”

“And does it look like I care?!”

“Aww. Come on, Jiang Cheng. Weren’t you having a nice tea time with my husband just last month?”

Jiang Yanli’s gaze shifted from the screen to her brothers. “What is this about tea time?”

“I’ll tell you later, Shijie.” Wei Wuxian said with a wink.

Wei Wuxian began to sneak out when he heard the familiar strums.

Another strum came in and the three cruel corpses along with the fierce arm fell to the ground. The boys cheered loudly after realizing that they survived the terrifying night.

Lan Sizhui looked around and tugged Jingyi, “Where is he?”

“Who? Which one?”

“Young Master Mo.”

“Hmm? Why are you looking for that lunatic? Who knows where he ran off to. He’s probably frightened by my threats to hit him.”

Lan Sizhui knew that Lan Jingyi had always been careless and straightforward, not thinking twice about anything or suspecting anyone. He thought, 'I'll wait for Hanguang-jun to come, and then tell him about everything.'

“What a filial son you have, Hanguang-jun.” Wei Wuxian whispered teasingly to his husband.

“Ours.” Lan Zhan corrected him with a poker-face but Wei Wuxian can see a slight smile tugging on the sides of his lips. It was only a little but a smile, nonetheless.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I'm really sorry for not updating for so long. I was thrown at the Burial Mounds and my golden core was crushed so I had to practice demonic cultivation to survive. It was tough.

(Jokes aside, we were renovating our house the past month and I was too busy and tired to write. I'm sorry.)

“Lan Zhan, don’t attack me like that! Ah, my poor heart.” Wei Wuxian sobbed to his husband’s chest to which Lan Wangji replied by kissing the top of Wei Wuxian’s head.

“..... A-Jie, let me sit beside you.” Jiang Cheng begged to his sister.

“A-Cheng,” Yanli glanced behind Jiang Cheng then her lips turned into a thin line, trying to hold her laugh to sympathize with her brother. “It’s fine.”

Wei Wuxian quickly got rid of the sacrificial formation in Mo Xuanyu’s room. ‘How unfortunate! Of all people who could’ve come, it happened to be Lan Wangji!’

He set off into the dawn with the stubborn donkey he borrowed from the shed.

“Lan Zhan! It’s not that I didn’t want to see you, I was just wary, okay?”

Lan Wangji looked at his husband and said, “Mn. I understand.”

After pushing and pulling, Wei Wuxian and the donkey reached a farmland of some village. They sat under a large pagoda tree.

A group approached the well beside them placed by the farmers for the passerby to quench their thirst. However, seeing there was a lunatic near it, they were reluctant to go over.

Wei Wuxian may be a flirt in his past life but he is also a courteous gentleman. Realizing that he was harmless, the people were finally at ease to come over. A girl sat by the well and

smiled at Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian can sense his husband's mood getting darker and surely, Lan Zhan was glaring at the screen.

"Lan Zhan, I swear I'm not flirting with her. I was just being polite!"

"Hm. I know." Lan Zhan said, still looking at the girl on the screen with an unreadable expression.

"Then, please stop with that look. You're scaring the other cultivators." Wei Wuxian whispered.

Lan Wangji did not have to see them to know that what his husband said was true. He had been told numerous times, ever since he was a child, that he comes off quite intimidating to others.

Lan Wangji followed Wei Ying's request and relaxed his gaze a little but his arm snaked around his husband's waist and pulled him closer towards him.

Wei Ying took a sharp breath in surprise to which Lan Wangji found pleasure in.

"Hanguang-jun~ you don't have to be so jealous. I'm all yours. Only yours." Wei Wuxian spoke in a low voice only for his ears. And it ~~turned him on~~ enticed him for a second.

"Mine." Lan Wangji tightened his hold on Wei Wuxian's waist which he suspects will leave a bruise.

Ouyang Zizhen narrowed his eyes at Hanguang-jun and Senior Wei's direction. "Hey, I think Hanguang-jun is jealous."

The other three whipped their head towards the couple.

"Jealous? I don't see it." Jin Ling said which caught his father's attention beside him.

"How can you tell?" Jingyi asked.

"I don't know. I can kind of... sense it?"

"Hm. I'm not really the best of friends with them before so I can't tell exactly but I think he *is* jealous." Jin Zixuan chimed in.

Zizhen turned to his friends and said in a triumphant tone, "Told you so."

*The group of cultivators were discussing about night-hunting when one of them said that the **Compass of Evil**'s pointer isn't moving even though they are at the foot of Dafan Mountain already. Another cultivator said that it might be broken and that they will get a new one later.*

Before they set off to the mountain, the girl reached out to her basket and handed Wei Wuxian an apple which he gladly received.

The donkey beside him opened its mouth and bit at the apple but unfortunately for it, Wei Wuxian quickly took the apple away.

An idea came to Wei Wuxian, he let the apple dangle in front of the donkey with a long rod and a fishing thread. The donkey tried to bite it but it got away. Tried again but it moved few centimeters away from its face. Annoyed, he chased it the apple without stopping until they reached the foot of the mountain.

Nie Huaisang chuckled, "Wei-xiong, that was very clever."

Jiang Cheng didn't say anything but thought, *that was a very Wei Wuxian move.*

There were far more cultivators present than what Wei Wuxian had expected. Different sects and clans with different uniform colors. A group of rogue cultivators were arguing about the Compass of Evil because it was not pointing to anything.

"Do you remember who created the Compass of Evil? I've never heard of anything that can interfere with its pointer's direction."

"What do you mean? Are you implying anything with that tone of yours? Of course, I know that Wei Ying created the Compass of Evil. But, it's not as if his creations are flawless. Aren't we allowed the option of doubt, at least?"

"I never said that you can't doubt it, much less his creations are flawless, so why accuse me?"

"Ah, even when I'm supposedly dead, I'm still the topic of conversations. I'm quite popular, aren't I?" Wei Wuxian said jokingly.

"Infamous, you mean?"

"Jiang Cheng, don't bother with the details. It's the same thing, same thing."

A girl bumped Wei Wuxian but she didn't acknowledge him at all. Her eyes were dull and she had a smile on her face, staring into the distance without blinking. Wei Wuxian followed her

gaze, and saw the dense mountaintop of Dafan Mountain. All of a sudden, the girl started dancing in front of him without saying anything.

“A-Yan, let’s go back!” A woman embraced the girl.

A street vendor on the side spoke, “How awful. A-Yan from Blacksmith Zheng’s family has escaped again.”

“It must be horrible for her mom. A-Yan, A-Yan’s husband, and her husband... All of them were...”

“Mister, could you tell me what happened to the girl?” Wei Wuxian asked the vendor, out of curiosity.

The vendor looked warily at him and his caked makeup but decided to tell him the story of the Zheng family anyway. About the Dafan mountain, the empty coffins, and everything he knows of the matter. After hearing the story, Wei Wuxian sat on his donkey and rode up the mountain. On the way, he encountered a few people with ominous expression on their faces talking amongst themselves. Wei Wuxian continued on his way.

“Why do I feel like something bad is about to happen?” Jiang Cheng muttered to himself.

“Because it is about to happen.” Wei Wuxian answered for him.

Suddenly, cries for help from both male and female voices could be heard. He directed the donkey toward the direction of the voices, but couldn’t find anything around him. As he looked upward, instead of spirits or monsters, it was the rural clan that he met by the field earlier on, hung on the trees by a huge, golden web. Wei Wuxian hid when he heard someone approaching.

The boy had a vermillion mark between his eyebrows with a cannister of arrows and a sword on his back. His robes embroidered with peony; a symbol used by the wealthy LanlingJin sect.

“Jin Ling! Jin Ling! Look, it’s you!” Jingyi said excitedly while slapping Jin Ling’s arm repeatedly. Sizhui switched seats with Jingyi, fed up with the headache his friends had been giving him.

Jin Ling smacked Jingyi’s hand away from him while also landing a punch on his friend’s chest. “I can see that, idiot!”

“A-Ling, that’s no way to talk to your friends now, is it?”

“Sorry, Mom.”

The cultivators caught in the deity-binding net pleaded the young Master to let them down to which he responded with a scoff.

“You guys should just stay here in case you mess around and get in my way again! I’ll let you down after I catch the spirit-consuming beast, that is, if I still remember you.”

Jiang Yanli’s jaw dropped seeing how her son act toward others. “A-Ling!”

“B-but... *Jiujiu*...”

Yanli turned to look at her brother in disbelief. “A-Cheng, is that how you taught him?” She asked with her arms crossed on her chest.

“Jin Guangyao also spoiled him rotten!” Jiang Cheng pointed at him to redirect his sister’s attention.

Jin Guangyao immediately straightened his back upon hearing his name. He blinked once, then twice, and said, “Me? Sect Leader Jiang, I may have spoilt him but A-Ling spent more time with you than he did with me. If I may say, A-Ling resembles your temper very well.” He smiled—the same smile he showed a thousand, probably million even, times before he died.

Wei Wuxian moved closer to Jiang Cheng and whispered, “I don’t like him but he’s right.”

He could have smack Wei Wuxian straight on his head if his brother’s annoying husband hadn’t caught his hand.

Jiang Cheng retreated his hand and looked at Lan Wangji with an obvious distaste. “Ugh.”

As the donkey heard a sob from a girl trapped in the net that the Jin Sect set up, it suddenly leaped forward pulling Wei Wuxian along with it, revealing him to the wealthy jin Sect disciple.

The teen’s shock turned into disdain in a second. It seems like he knows who Mo Xuanyu is based on the derogatory manner he is speaking to him. After being humiliated by a junior like this, Wei WuXian thought that even if not for his own sake, he needed to return the humiliation for Mo XuanYu’s body, “What an attitude! I suppose that you didn’t have a mother to teach you?”

The audience gasped when they heard what Wei wuxian said. Some even exclaimed ‘Shameless!’ loudly— aware of how the boy’s parents died at the hand of the Yiling Patriarch.

“Sorry Jin Ling.” Wei Wuxian said to the boy.

“You already said that. Stop repeating yourself.” Jin Ling hissed in annoyance of the repetitive apologies from Wei Wuxian.

Wei wuxian looked at his sister. “Sorry Shijie.”

“As long as you know what you did wrong.” She said with a gentle smile.

The boy unsheathed his sword and jumped on him. Wei Wuxian shifted to the side, avoiding the attack, and slapped the paper onto his back, swiftly. Suddenly, the boy collapsed to the ground with his sword falling to his side, a ghost who died from gluttony sitting atop of him.

“How typical of you.” Jiang Cheng said beside him.

Nie Huaisang chuckled at the scene and said, “You still do that Wei-xiong?”

“It’s a useful move, why not?” he shrugged.

Lan Qiren who heard the conversation and muttered under his breath “Underhanded. Shameless!”

“That ghost kind of look like Mo Ziyuan, right Sizhui?” Jingyi said, his eyes squinting at the screen.

Sizhui stared at him with an exhausted look but said nothing and only sighed.

“What? Am I wrong?”

Zizhen looked at him in amusement and chuckled, “You know you shouldn’t talk like that about the dead, right? They will haunt you while you’re sleeping.”

He was well aware that Jingyi is scared—ironic as it is since he is a cultivator from a prominent sect— of ghosts. The fear in his friend’s eyes after he said it was enough to satisfy him.

Wei Wuxian picked up the fallen sword and swung it towards the direction of the net, splitting it half. The family fell to ground and sprinted away as soon as they are able.

“You damn gay! Good for you, taking this sort of wrong path because you didn’t have enough spiritual powers to do anything! Watch out for your life! Do you know who came today? Today, I...”

The boy tried to get up a few times but failed everytime. ““If you don’t stop, I’m gonna tell my uncle, and you’re gonna wait for your death!”

“Why is it your uncle, not your dad? Who’s your uncle, again?”

“You see where this is going?” Wei Wuxian whispered to Jiang Cheng which he responded with an eyeroll.

“I am his uncle. Do you have any last words?” a bitter and cold voice, all too familiar to Wei Wuxian, came from behind him.

Nie Huaisang’s laugh echoed inside the room which shocked most of the audience because *how could he laugh when the scary Sandu Shengshou is on the screen.* “Jiang-xiong, that’s quite dramatic for an entrance, don’t you think?”

Jiang Cheng was about to smack Nie Huaisang when he heard a small chuckle beside him.

“That *is* a bit too much, A-Cheng.” Jiang Yanli giggled.

“*‘Do you have any last words’*” Wei Wuxian said in a fakest deep voice he could manage and with an exaggerated scowl on his face mocking the one Jiang Cheng always have which earned him a fit of laughter from their sister.

“Stop that, you scrawny-ass!”

“Ah Jiang Cheng, my ass is not scrawny. Lan Zhan can testify.”

“Mn.” Lan Wangji hummed in agreeance with a nod.

Jiang Cheng didn’t even try to hide his disgust and retched dramatically. “Keep those shits to yourselves. I didn’t need that information.”

A violet-clothed man approached from the shadows. His almond eyes held a composed vigor; with a slight intention of attack and his posture emitted an air of arrogance and overconfidence.

A teen cultivator squealed when Jiang Cheng appeared on the screen. “Sandu Shengshou looks so perfect.”

“Tian Mei, Sandu Shengshou is twice your age. You can’t—”

“Shh. You don’t know that. You’re saying that to me yet you also like someone *more than* twice your age, Yang Hui.” Tian Mei looked at her friend knowingly.

“Yes, but Sect Leader Lan is gentle and graceful while Sect Leader Jiang is too rough and aggressive. They’re complete opposites!”

“Rough and aggressive? Well, I like that in a man.” She winked at Yang Hui.

“Jin Ling why did you linger for so long? Do you really need me to come and pick you up? Get up!”

Realizing the terrible situation he got himself into, Wei Wuxian curled his finger inside his sleeve and made the piece of paper retreat but Jiang Cheng saw it and with a flick of his wrist, the paper ignited.

Jin Ling stood near Jiang Cheng and pointed at Wei Wuxian accusingly, “I’m gonna break your legs!”

Jiang Cheng spoke grimly, “Break his legs? Haven’t I told you? If you see this sort of evil and crooked practice, kill the cultivator and feed him to your dogs!”

“A-Ling talks like your brother.” Jin Zixuan whispered to his wife, not wanting to attract the attention of Jiang Cheng. He may have already married Jiang Yanli but Jiang Cheng and his’ relationship is still awkward, to say the least. *‘I hope he doesn’t have an attitude like him, too’* he thought.

With someone backing him up, Jin Ling attacked Wei Wuxian aggressively. Wei Wuxian attempted to take something out in his spirit-locking bag for defense when suddenly, a blue glare of a sword collided with Jin Ling’s.

Due to interruption, Wei wuxian tripped on his own foot and fell right on top of a pair of snow-white boots. He slowly lifted his head and saw—

Some women could be heard chattering when the esteemed Hanguang-jun came to frame again.

“Hanguang-jun is so ethereal.” A girl sighed, her eyes glued to the screen.

One of her friends spoke bitterly, “Hmp. I bet the Yiling Patriarch seduced him. He would have never married him, otherwise.”

“Oh my! What if he is only controlling him? Wei Wuxian is a demonic cultivator, who could have guessed what’s going on in his mind.”

“I heard Hanguang-jun and Wei Wuxian doesn’t even get along when they were young.

A voice in front of them chimed in, “Ha! Just because your ugly asses can’t get a man like Hanguang-jun, you’ll talk shit of other people like that?! What a low-life.”

A smoke may as well come out of the women’s ears seeing how furious they are of the teen’s words.

“What did you say?! Want me to cut your tongue off, kid?!” One of them hissed.

“My tongue has already been cut off, once. You think I’m scared?”

The man wearing white robes beside the teen held her by the arm. “A-Qing, that’s enough.”

“But dao Zhang, they are talking shi— bad about Wei Wuxian.”

Xiao Xingchen took one glance at the women and said, “Let them. It won’t get them far.”

The women stood up and was about to yell at Xiao Xingchen but they felt a shiver crawl up their spine. The other man who wears black robe was glaring at them, daring them to continue. They gulped and sat back down in silence.

“Ooh. Song-dao Zhang, you’re cool. I like you.” A-Qing said while nodding.

“And I was wondering who it was. So, it’s you, Second Young Master Lan.” Jiang Cheng’s voice came from afar.

Wei Wuxian got up as Lan Wangji calmly walked three steps forward, blocking Wei Wuxian from Jiang Cheng’s sharp glare.

When Lan Wangji stood quietly, staring straight ahead in front of him, Jiang Cheng raised a brow and spoke, “HanguangJun, you sure live up to your reputation of ‘being wherever the chaos is’. So, you had time to come to this remote area today?”

Lan Jingyi spoke straightforwardly, “Isn’t Sect Leader Jiang here as well?”

Jiang Cheng replied grimly, “Tsk, do you really think that you should butt in when your seniors are conversing? The GusuLan Sect has always been known for its respectful conduct. Is this really how it teaches its disciples?”

“Xichen, who are the parents of this kid?” Lan Qiren grunted. If there is another thing Lan Qiren hate other than Wei Wuxian, it is disciples who acts like Wei Wuxian (those who doesn’t follow the rules).

“Jingyi’s parent are Yunqi-jie and Jianyu-xiong, Uncle.” Lan Xichen answered with his usual smile.

Lan Qiren closed his eyes when he heard their names. “The apple does not fall far from the tree, after all.” He still remembers the boy’s mother’s antics from when she was a teen. How she was known among her peers for her mischief and antics. *Very un-Lan like.*

Lan Wangji threw Lan Sizhui a look and the latter spoke to Jin Ling, ““Young Master Jin, night-hunts have always been fair competitions amongst the different clans and sects. However, to set up nets all over Dafan Mountain is clearly hindering the cultivators, causing them to fall into the traps. Is this or is this not against the rules of night-hunting?”

The cultivators who were in the Dafan Mountain before were nodding, knowing that they can’t be seen by the Young Master. “That’s right. That’s right. Listen to the Lan kid, boy.”

“These people are too arrogant just because they are wealthy. What’s the use of your wealth when can’t buy manners? Tsk tsk.” A woman said in a hushed voice, careful to not be heard by the cultivators at the front.

Jin Ling continued saying how it was the others’ fault for stepping into his traps when his mouth was sealed shut for him by the Lan silencing spell. This time, it was Jiang Cheng who fumed. They were in a middle of dispute when a disciple in purple clothes ran towards them from within the forest.

“Sect Leader! A blue sword flew over not long ago and destroyed the deity-binding nets that you had set up.”

Jiang Cheng glanced at Lan Wangji in displease, “How many were broken?”

“...All of them...”

That’s more than four hundred!

The audience gasped when they heard this. They knew a deity-binding net would cost more than they can afford. What more if it were four hundred?!

The screen zoomed in on Jiang Cheng’s hand, casually stroking the ring on his right hand’s index finger. The cultivators knew this never meant a good sign. They can feel the looming danger lurking underneath the Sect Leader’s darkening face. However, that danger didn’t come. The audience let out their breath they didn’t know they were holding.

A boy leaned to his friend and whispered, “Damn. I thought Sect Leader Jiang was gonna kill Hanguang-jun.”

“Can he kill Hanguang-jun though?” says his friend.

After making a sarcastic remark about Lan Wangji and his decision to punish a disciple from other clan—which Lan Wangji ignored—Jiang Cheng left with Jin Ling towing behind him.

Lan Jingyi smirked, “You were yelled at by your uncle after that, weren’t you?”

Jin Ling huffed and rolled his eyes at Jingyi. “Not your business.”

When their figures disappeared, Jingyi spoke, “How could the Sect Leader Jiang act like this?” Only afterward, did he remember the Lan Clan’s rule of not talking behind others’ backs. He looked meekly at Hanguang-Jun and shut his mouth.

“You’re gonna get yelled at by Master Qiren after this.” Jin Ling teased back his friend. Jingyi didn’t respond to this but his face went several shades paler.

Lan Sizhui smiled softly toward Wei Wuxian and greeted him before Lan Wangji ordered them to do their tasks. Lan Wangji spoke again when the juniors were gone, “Do what you can. Don’t force anything.”

Zizhen scrunched his nose then raise his brow. “Huh? Did Hanguang-jun already found out that he was Senior Wei?”

“No. I don’t think so. Hanguang-jun will say that to anyone he deems as... uhm...”, Sizhui trailed, unable to find the right word.

“Incapable?” Jingyi guessed.

“Idiot.” Jin Ling finished.

After a while of standing in silence, Wei Wuxian headed back to the foot of the mountain. Whatever prey it is, he wouldn’t fight for it against Jin Ling.

‘Why did it turn out to be Jin Ling?’

Wei Wuxian's feet came to a halt. He raised his hand and gave himself a slap on the face.

The room went silent. Only echoes of the sharp slap was left resounding inside. They were frozen—stupefied, rather— on their seats. Especially Jin Ling who was bickering with Lan Jingyi just a moment ago.

Lan Wangji clenched his hand. Wei Wuxian took it in his to calm his husband down. It might not show to his face but Wei wuxian can clearly see that Lan Wangji was upset over his actions.

“A-Xian...”, Jiang Yanli called her brother with tears threatening to fall from her eyes. “A-Xian, don't hurt yourself, ever again.” she said with a stern voice. It wasn't a favor but a command.

Wei Wuxian hung his head low refusing to meet his sister's gaze. “Sorry, Shijie.”

“Woah...” Zizhen breathed out after a stunned silence. “I didn't expect Senior Wei to do that.”

“Me neither.” Jingyi seconded.

Jin Ling and Sizhui remained quiet but for different reasons. Jin Ling was surprised that his uncle would go that far just because he had said a few insults towards him while Sizhui was amazed at how Wei Wuxian had never changed since they were living in the Burial Mounds.

Sizhui had seen Wei Wuxian do this before whenever the resentful energy got to his head, he would snap at the Wen remnants but would punish himself after he realize what he did.

Wei Wuxian realized he took the wrong way when he heard a stream that he didn't passed by before. He wiped the caked powder off his face and saw a handsome, graceful person in the reflections of the water—young and unfamiliar.

After a moment of silence, the donkey bit his collar and tugged him towards the trees where he found a qiankun bag with some medicinal liquor, talismans, and other tools inside. He fished around the bag and pulled out a talisman which instantly became a ball of fire in his hand.

It was a talisman that uses a dark energy as a fuel. The more energy there is, the stronger the flame is. It lit up as soon as it was taken out, meaning that there was a spirit not far away from Wei WuXian.

He spun around slowly to detect where the spirit is and when he turned west, the fire intensified.

He walked towards the direction and saw a figure under a tree.

The talisman became ashes and fell from his fingers.

“It hurts, it hurts.”, the old man murmured.

Wei WuXian asked, “Where does it hurt?”

“Head. My head.”

“Let me take a look at it.”

Most junior cultivators and some seniors gasped out of horror and disgust.

The old man has a large hole on his forehead with blood gushing out of it. He was dressed in a burial robe. It wasn't a lost soul. A ghost like that shouldn't have appeared on Dafan Mountain.

A girl rolled her eyes to her martial brothers and said, “How can y'all be cultivators when it takes just that to make ya gag like a baby?”

“Sorry we ain't built like ya, Xiong Zhelan.”, one of the guys said sarcastically while squinting his eyes at Xiong Zhelan.

“Such a wuss.”, she said, looking at them with disappointment.

Wei Wuxian jumped onto the donkey's back in hurry. 'Something's not right. I should find Jin Ling. He might run into some trouble.', he thought.

Jin Ling, who is now the center of attention, blushed. He never thought his Uncle Wei cared for him that much (as if his other Uncle—Jiang Cheng— isn't so overprotective of him).

Wei Wuxian asked the cultivators he happened to run into about the whereabouts of the young master from Jin clan to which they pointed at the Goddess Temple. He immediately ran towards the direction they pointed at.

Inside the stone cave which was turned into a temple, Lan Sizhui and the other Lan disciples were looking around when a voice spoke from the outside of the cave, “It's only a stupid rock, given the title of a goddess by who-knows who, and people dare to put it here, accepting incense and worship!”

The cultivators who were at the Dafan Mountain when the incident happened cringed at the Young Master's words. It wasn't pleasant experience to see your martial brothers being swung around and have their soul sucked out of them by a goddess statue.

The Lan disciples didn't say anything but it was evident in Lan Jingyi's face that he was irritated by the attitude of Jin Ling.

Jin Ling spouted more disrespect towards the stone goddess before saying, "If it's really that effective, then I'm gonna pray for the soul-consuming creature in Dafan Mountain to appear in front of me right now. Can the statue do it?"

The story about the incident in the Dafan Mountain that night spread quickly across the cultivation world not because of the Goddess statue but because it was when the ghost general appeared again when he was supposedly burned to ashes along with his sister.

A few cultivators from smaller clans behind Jin Ling laughed, agreeing with his words. Lan Sizhui shook his head and looked ahead when he noticed that something had changed from the goddess. Its mouth is now opened slightly with a small smile.

"Hey! Are you okay? Somebody collapsed!"

A senior cultivator crossed her arms on her chest and spoke in a quiet voice, "And that is why you don't mess with the deities."

The whole cave lit up with red lights on their own.

Everyone drew their blades out immediately. At the same time, a lunatic burst in from outside the temple and threw a gourd of medicinal alcohol towards the statue. A raging flame sprouted from it, illuminating the cave even brighter than before.

"Everyone, go back outside! Be cautious of the soul-consuming goddess on the inside!" Wei Wuxian yelled.

"Finally, someone with common sense and knows what to do." the same senior cultivator from before said.

Her junior martial brother looked at her and said, "...Shijie, he's the Yiling Patriarch. Of course, he knows what to do."

“The goddess’s pose had changed!”

To everyone’s surprise, the statue lifted its foot and stepped out of the fire around it.

Wei WuXian shouted, “Run, run, run! Stop slashing around! It won’t work!”

Most cultivators ignored him and continued to throw talismans and slash their swords towards the goddess.

Wu Cuifen, the sect leader of MiranWu, sighed and rolled her eyes at the young cultivators in the screen. “Kids, if you ever encounter an unknown opponent, what should you do?”

“Move away from the area.”

“Assess the situation from afar, if possible.”

“Call for backup if deemed necessary.”

Wu Cuifen looked at her disciples with pride and said, “Very good.”

The cultivators—especially those whose faces are shown in the screen—who fought the stone goddess without a second thought bowed their head in embarrassment. Their respective sect leaders glaring at them for bringing shame to their sects.

As for Jin Ling...

“You brat! So you’re the reason why the stone goddess went berserk and you didn’t tell me?! What would you do if your soul was the one it consumed, huh?!”

Jin Ling furrowed his brows, mirroring Jiang Cheng and spoke in a quiet voice, “Die, I guess.”

Fortunately for him, Jiang Yanli is now calming her brother down before he goes into Qi deviation because of her son so he was not heard by Jiang Cheng.

After Jiang Cheng sat down—still scowling, though it his usual expression—Jiang Yanli turned towards her son and said in a calm yet chilling tone, “We’ll talk about this later.”

This made Jin Ling gulped. Beads of sweat forming on his forehead, his pulse beating more than when he was in a near-death experience.

The cultivators continued to attack the stone goddess until they realized that their attacks are doing nothing to weaken their opponent.

“Nothing works against it. Let’s get out of here!” one cultivator yelled.

Wei Wuxian called for the Lan disciples standing at the side, “Send a signal to your sect’s Hanguang-jun.”

The Lan disciples nodded and searched for their signals but to no avail, they found none of it. “They were all used up during the night at Mo Village.”

Wei Wuxian was shocked, “You didn’t restock afterwards?!”

“We forgot.” Lan Sizhui said bashfully.

Lan Qiren closed his eyes and tried to ignore the headache he’s getting from the disciples’ multiple mistakes.

“Uncle.” Lan Xichen called. “I’ll make sure to teach them. Please calm yourself.”

Lan Qiren looked at his nephew and said, “I am calm.”

Lan Xichen did not say anything but looked knowingly at his uncle.

Wei Wuxian looked around the cultivators who came out of the cave and realized that Jin Ling wasn’t there. He searched for him among the cultivators once again, but still, no Jin Ling in sight. He immediately ran to look for him but Lan Sizhui ran after him and asked, “How did you know it was the stone goddess and not some spirit-consuming spirit or beast?”

“How did I know? I saw.”

Lan Jingyi caught up to them. “What did you see? We also saw lots of things.”

While Wei Wuxian was explaining to the two Lan disciple how he knew about it, most cultivators were gaping at the screen in amazement. Even those who hate the Yiling Patriarch would admit that he is a genius.

“You know most of the times, I wonder how can someone be so smart yet so fucking stupid.”, says Jiang Cheng.

“Yeah, I wonder about that, too. How can someone build an entire sect from scratch but still can’t find himself a partner, right?” Wei Wuxian said in retort.

“YOU—”

“Shut it, you two! Must I repeat myself over and over again for you to understand?!” Yu Ziyuan snapped at them when their bickering became too loud. Jiang Cheng and Wei Wuxian

immediately sat with their backs straight.

Jiang Fengmian held his wife's hand and said in a gentle voice, "They are adults now, you don't need to tell them off for every little thing."

Yu Ziyuan only huffed and continued to watch the screen but she did not take her hand back from her husband's hold.

They came to a halt when they heard a chewing and slurping sound. There lays a huge figure in the bushes with blood dripping down the corners of its mouth, munching on an arm that had been torn off.

Everyone near the area ran in the other direction along with the donkey.

"Impossible! The Yiling Patriarch said before that high-level ones eat souls. Only low-level ones eat flesh." Lan Sizhui said, still running away from the stone goddess.

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but to comment, "Why are you blindly worshipping him? No rules stay the same in all situations! You can think of it as an infant—when it lacks teeth, it can only eat congee and soup, but when it grows up, it would, of course, also want to eat meat using its teeth. Her powers had just risen greatly, so naturally she'd want to taste something new!"

Wei Wuxian tugged on his husband's sleeve to catch his attention. "Do your sect really include my findings to your teachings?" It was a question he had been curious before but slipped out of his mind after everything that had happened.

Lan Wangji was silent for a moment before saying, "Most sects do."

"I must say Wei-xiong, your studies were really helpful to the cultivation world." Nie Huaisang said. He wasn't really eavesdropping to their conversation but the room was quiet enough to listen in on them.

A-Qing furrowed her brows and said in a not-so-quiet voice, "That's quite hypocrite of the cultivation world, don't you think?" She isn't aware that Nie Huaisang is a sect leader and even if she did know, she couldn't be bothered to address him politely.

"You've got a sharp tongue on you, little girl. Be careful, you might lose it.", one of the cultivators who hated the Yiling Patriarch to their core snapped.

"What's wrong with her speaking the truth?" Wen Qing said without sparing a glance to the man. She was seated next to A-Qing so she heard their argument and was quick to shut the cultivator down.

"What's with everyone cutting my tongue off." A-Qing said to no one in particular which earned a light chuckle from Xiao Xingchen (not to mention, the fond look Song Zichen have

on him).

Out of blue, an arrow pierced the forehead of the goddess.

Hearing the sound of the bow's release, Wei Wuxian looked toward its direction. Jin Ling was standing atop of a hill, his second arrow on its position ready for release. He pulled to the maximum and let go, piercing temple of the stone goddess, causing it to stagger a few steps backward.

“Hmm. That was pretty good. Who taught you?” Jin Zixuan asked his son beside him.

Jin Ling blushed from the sudden praise from his father. It's not everyday your supposedly dead father give you a compliment. “Uh... The instructor from Jin sect taught me the basics but *jiujiu* taught me techniques and the other stuff.”

Jin Zixuan stole a glance to his brother-in-law and caught him looking at them smugly as if telling him that ‘*Yes. I taught him. Take that.*’

Lan Sizhui yelled at him to send a signal but he ignored him. Jin Ling continued to shoot his arrows until the goddess walked to him with a terrifying speed. One arrow after another was released from his bow but no matter how accurate he was, the stone goddess took no damage from it.

As Jin Ling released his last arrow, the goddess took its last step and reached one of her arms out to get Jin Ling.

Wei Wuxian unsheathed the sword on Sizhui's waist and chopped a bamboo in a swift motion. He took a deep breath and blew into the airhole of his makeshift flute.

“I don't know why but I'm really excited. Hoooh.” Zizhen said without taking his eyes off the screen.

Sizhui looked at him with concern in eyes and said, “You really have an unhealthy amount of admiration for Senior Wei.”

“But Senior Wei is so amazing. No amount is unhealthy when admiring him, Sizhui.” Jingyi interjected while gawking at the screen the same way as Zizhen.

Jin Ling shook his head and slap his forehead with his palm, “You two are too much and Jingyi, you were there when that happened!”

“Shh, Young Mistress. Let me watch in peace.”

As usual, Jin Ling replied by smacking his friend's arm.

The sound that came out of it was like a screeching bird in the middle of a quiet night. Lan Sizhui was shocked to the point that he couldn't even move, while Lan Jingyi covered his ears, "Look at what situation we are in, and you are still playing the flute? It sounds horrible!"

Jin Ling smirked and raised a brow to Jingyi, "Amazing? Heh."

Jingyi glared at him but didn't say anything.

Jin Ling pulled his sword out, ready to fight the goddess in a close range. 'If I can't slice off her head with this blow, I will die here—death it is, then!', he thought.

Zizhen clamped his mouth, his shoulders bobbing up and down. Sizhui looked at him with a straight face but the corners of his mouth seem to betray and kept on twitching. And the gremlin—Jingyi—straight up snorted when he heard his friend's inner monologue. "Fucking dramatic. Heh.", he mouthed to Jin Ling after making sure that no adult was looking at him.

Jiang Cheng was about to yell, again, at his nephew for not asking for his help or even sending a signal that time but Jiang Yanli was quick to hold his arm to stop him from doing just that.

Jiang Yanli shook her head and said, "I'll take care of it later."

This left Jiang Cheng no choice but to yield.

After Jin Ling's thought resounded the room, it was quickly replaced by the sound of chains being dragged on the ground. Xue Yang, who is seating at the back of the room by himself, became interested. He wasn't unfamiliar to this sound since he had encounter Wen Ning before back in the Yi City

Xue Yang was very curious of how the grandmaster of demonic cultivation created such perfect puppet so he took the Jin Sect's offer and toyed with the corpse to get as much information as he can.

All of a sudden, the noise stopped and a figure emerged from the darkness. The cultivators who saw him cowered in fear. They shouted in terror hoping to attract an attention of a powerful cultivator; at least strong enough to defeat the Ghost General. The right-hand man of the Yiling Patriarch.

Wen Qing teared up a little when she saw her brother's ashen skin, his wrists and ankles bound by chains tinkling every time he moves. It was something she could never get used to even before. She had always blamed herself for not finding help sooner before the good-for-nothing Jin piece of shits killed her bother.

"A-Jie, everything's fine now. I'm here." Wen Ning said with a soft smile he always donned before he became a fierce corpse.

A-Qing looked at him, at the screen, then back at him. "That was you?", she asked with a slightly widened eyes. She recognized the fierce corpse at the screen because he helped them before in the Yi City but not this man. Not this very much alive young man.

"Yes, that's me."

"You're handsome.", she said in a bright tone and obviously, Wen Ning blushed from the sudden compliment. "Thank you for helping us before. Back in Yi City."

Wen Ning smiled at her and said, "I was only following Young Master Wei's order."

"But still, thank you."

"My pleasure to be of help.", he said with a shy smile.

The moment Wei Wuxian saw his friend whom he thought was burnt to ashes by the major sects, his heart threatened to jump out of his chest.

Hearing Wen Ning's name, Jin Ling immediately pointed his sword at him. The goddess saw this and took the opportunity to pick him up as her next meal.

The stone goddess was about to drop Jin Ling at its mouth when Wei wuxian raised his flute to his lips and played the notes with shaking fingers. The sound it produced was very unpleasant to hear but with only two notes out, Wen Ning started to move.

The Lan sect was known to specialize in music so when shrill sound came out of that god-awful flute, almost everyone covered their ears.

"How in the world can someone even produce that bad of a sound?!", one Lan said to the person next to him.

His friend looked at him like he grew a second head and whispered, “You know you shouldn’t say that out loud, right? Unless you want to be punished by Hanguang-jun.”

“...”

“That is fucking awful.” Jiang Cheng said, his face cringing while listening to the hell-sent flute Wei Wuxian had made.

At that time, Wei Wuxian didn’t really realize that it was, as Jiang Cheng said, fucking awful. He only bowed his head a little and let out an apologetic laugh.

Instantly, Wen Ning was in front of the goddess. He gave it a blow using the side of his palm which caused the goddess’s neck to crack. Its head twisted but the body did not move. Wen Ning gave another blow to its right hand and it was cut off cleanly. Jin Ling wiggled his way out of the amputated hand.

Wen Ning restrained the stone goddess by its arms and legs using the chains meant to shackle him. He easily picked up a boulder bigger than him and threw it the goddess’s head. He continued to pound it until the soul-consuming stone goddess was nothing but a pile of rocks.

It has been a long time since Wei Wuxian took control of Wen Ning but one thing he’s sure right now is that Wen Ning doesn’t have his consciousness.

Every single one in the room was left silent by the scene they had just watched, especially those who have never even saw the Ghost General in action.

“I would’ve run as fast as I can the moment Ghost General appeared.”, a boy said to his martial brother who was at the Dafan Mountain when that happened.

He scrunched his nose and said in a hushed voice, “The only reason I did not run away that time was because I couldn’t even move. It was a terrifying. But looking at him now,” he glanced at where Wen Ning was seating beside Wen Qing and Nie Huaisang, “he looks really kind.”

A junior cultivator tilted her head after hearing the last sentence of Wei Wuxian’s thought. “Unconscious... That’s given. I mean, doesn’t every corpse not have their own consciousness?”

“No, *Shimei*. Wen Ning was different. He has his own will which is why he was deemed as the most powerful fierce corpse. He’s almost an alive human only that he wasn’t uh... alive, I guess...”, her senior martial sister answered unsure if her words made any sense.

The girl raised her brow and slowly turned her attention back to the screen in front. *I'm gonna have to study that after this end*, she thought.

“Close in on him!”, one cultivator yelled at the others. *“Fellow cultivators, we have to block him so that he doesn't escape. This is Wen Ning we're facing!”*, he continued after some cultivators were hesitant to move. Those words were enough to convince the crowd.

They pointed their swords towards Wen Ning and began to attack him. This caused Wen Ning to be agitated. He waved his arm to sweep the black chains up and hit the blades of the swords. He took a stride and gripped the neck of the person closest to him.

Seeing the situation, Wei Wuxian quickly change the piece he's playing from hurried and abrupt melody to a more tranquil and calming one.

Brief images flashed on the screen for a moment which left the audience curious.

It was foggy and their faces were blurry. The place was dark and damp, the only source of light was the fire between the two teens providing the heat they need. Both of them were disheveled, one had a makeshift bandage to his chest while the other had his leg in a roughly made cast.

They have no idea why that certain scene was shown the moment Wei Wuxian played the song but one thing for sure is that they feel like it's too personal for them to see.

Lan Xichen threw a glance at his brother with a soft smile. *'So that was when you played it to him...'*

Jiang Cheng furrowed his brows—not angrily, for a change—in confusion. “Why does that seem so familiar?”, he murmured to himself. After a while of racking his brain and finding no answer, he let the matter go and just continued watching.

Wen Ning stopped his rampage and threw the cultivator he was holding by the neck on the ground. He let his arms down and walked slowly to Wei Wuxian. His head was lowered and dragged the chains when he walks.

Wei Wuxian was guiding him to the forest while walking backwards when suddenly, Wei Wuxian caught the chilly scent of sandalwood.

Zizhen scrunched his nose and his eyes widened slightly, “Hey”, he called to his friends. “Hey!”, he repeated a little louder and this time it wasn't just his friends' attention he caught

but everyone in the room.

“Sniff.”, he said.

“What?” Jingyi asked while looking at Zizhen strangely.

Zizhen gestured his hand as if urging them and said, “Just do it!”

Almost everyone followed his guide and inhaled through their nose.

“Smell that?”, he asked, a little too excited.

Nie Huaisang was evidently thrilled about this. He fanned himself and turned to Lan Wangji, “Wangi-xiong, it smells exactly like you. The sandalwood scent you have, I mean.”

“It does...” Wei Wuxian said with a slight pout. He doesn’t like the idea that everyone can smell his husband.

“Do you think this part of the play? Because if it is, it’s a brilliant idea! It gives the audience a more realistic experience.” Nie Huaisang said. As many may have known, the current sect leader of QingheNie is fond of arts, this includes plays, paintings, and other forms. It isn’t a surprise that he finds this thing fascinating.

Immediately after catching a whiff of sandalwood, Wei Wuxian bumped his back onto someone. With an abrupt pain on his wrist, the flute melody had stopped. Wei Wuxian thought, ‘oh no’, and turned around to look. His sight collided with Lan Wangji’s eyes. They were light-colored to the point of appearing to be physically cold.

‘This is bad. Wangji saw me controlling corpses back then. He would probably know it’s me.’

Realizing that he’s in a pinch, Wei Wuxian ignored the hand gripping him and played the melody quicker. He ordered Wen Ning to go and hide before the other cultivators catch him.

‘Whatever. There are many who imitates me. It’s not unusual to see someone control a corpse with a flute.’, he thought.

“Are you dumb? Do you think everyone goes around controlling the *Yiling Patriarch’s right-hand man* with just a fucking flute?” Jiang Cheng scoffed.

Wei Wuxian shrugged and said, “There’s tens of thousands of people who imitates me. There’s bound to be someone who can.”

At this point, Jiang Cheng was too tired to argue with his brother and just groaned. *Fucking idiot.*

Wangji clench his hand tighter around Wei Wuxian's which caused him to let go of the flute. Fortunately, Wen Ning already fled into the darkness of the forest.

Lan Wangji was about to go after him when Wei Wuxian switched their hands and now, it's Wei Wuxian gripping Lan Wangji's wrist.

Lan Wangji stood there and stared at Wei Wuxian the whole time, face to face and gripping each other's arms.

The silence was broken by the booming voice of Jiang Cheng. "A-Ling!"

"Way to ruin our moment, Jiang Cheng." Wei Wuxian teased.

Jiang Cheng doesn't even have the energy to retort back anymore so he just rolled his eyes.

Jin Ling almost had his soul taken away a moment ago, but he was fine now, and stood on the ground properly, "Uncle!"

Seeing that Jin Ling was safe, Jiang Cheng finally calmed down. Quickly afterward, he scolded angrily, "Didn't you bring signal firelights with you? Don't you know to use them when you meet something like this? What are you pretending to be strong for? Scram over here!"

"Weren't you the one who told me that I have to catch it? And, if I don't catch it, I shouldn't go see you?"

This angered him even more. Jiang Cheng seriously wanted to slap the rotten brat so hard that he went back inside his mother's stomach. However, he did say that and decided to let it past him.

Wei Wuxian burst out laughing while some cultivators giggled at the nephew and uncle who's so alike that their personalities always clash.

Jiang Cheng turned around and glared at them but it did nothing to stop Wei Wuxian (and Jingyi who—as always—is busy teasing Jin Ling and chuckling like the gremlin that he is) from laughing.

"Jiang Cheng, you're probably gonna get scolded by Shijie later. Hahaha goodluck, brother." Wei Wuxian whispered not-so-quietly to his brother.

Jiang Cheng could only turn to the cultivators who collapsed on the ground and spoke, "What on Earth could it be, beating you up in such a dignified way?"

One cultivator was shaking when he answered, "Sect, Sect Leader, it's... It's Wen Ning..."

Jiang Cheng thought that he had misheard, "What did you say?"

The person replied, "Wen Ning is back!"

In an instant, shock, disgust, anger, and disbelief all crossed Jiang Cheng's face.

After a long while passed, he finally spoke bitterly, "The thing was ground to dust in front of everyone long ago, so how can it come back?"

"You can thank the former Jin sect leader for that, Jiang Cheng." Wei Wuxian sneered, throwing shade at the two former leaders.

Jin Guangshan glared at Wei Wuxian but didn't say anything while Jin Guangyao remained composed and pretended not to hear anything.

After hearing this, Nie Mingjue scowled. As far as he knows, the Wen siblings were burned and turned into ashes. This is news to him.

"Xichen.", he called. "Let's talk later."

Lan Xichen only gave his sworn brother a bitter smile. Reliving the betrayal of one of his most trusted friends isn't really one of his favorites.

"it really is Wen Ning. There's no way my eyes have mislooked!", the disciple pointed at Wei Wuxian, "He was the one who summoned him!"

Jiang Cheng's lips pulled into a twisted smile. "...Well, well. So you're back?"

He stroked the ring on his left hand then let the long whip dangle from it. The whip glowed purple and lightning caused it to sizzle.

All cultivators have learned about magical tools at some point in their life but not everyone had a chance to see it. Especially Zidian. It stays as a ring most of the time. It was not everyday that Sect Leader Jiang uses the whip unless he's backed into a corner...or when he is torturing demonic cultivators...

They were amazed to see it but also scared shitless when the Sect Leader slashed it in front of him.

Hanguang-jun had already blocked the Yiling Patriarch from Sandu Shengshou's sight. He placed his guqin in front of him and plucked the strings which caused the ripples in the air. The ripples collided with Zidian. Its contact created a deafening noise. As if a lightning struck the ground.

The crowd, both in the room and the ones in the screen, were watching the two cultivators fight in awe. Fear and excitement surging through their veins. After all, rarely did one have the chance to watch two famous cultivators of prominent families combat directly, which was why everyone hoped that the fight was more violent and intense.

The scene showed Wei Wuxian sprinting out of the area which shocked them as the only reason he hasn't been slashed by Zidian was because Lan Wangji acted as a barricade between him and Jiang Cheng.

As soon as Wei Wuxian stepped out of Lan Wangji's protection, Jiang Cheng whipped precisely on the center of his back.

Wei Wuxian grimaced. He can still feel the sting of the whip on his back. "You know, that really hurts." he pouted.

"I know," Jiang Cheng said unapologetically. "And I'll do it again."

Wei Wuxian was almost flung away from the attack of the whip. If not for the donkey blocking him, he would have directly crashed into a tree.

Jin Ling snorted and chuckled when Wei Wuxian flew, face-planting on the donkey's bottom. "That's funny. Hehe."

"...It is." Jin Zixuan joined in on his son and chuckled at Wei Wuxian's misfortune.

Wei Wuxian massaged his back and hid behind the donkey. "How amazing! You really can do anything when you're from a powerful clan, can't you? You can even beat up anyone you want! Tsk tsk tsk!", he yelled.

"..."

"..."

Jiang Cheng was both shocked and enraged. “What’s going on?” He was so sure Wei Wuxian’s soul resides in that body.

Wei WuXian thought, ‘Of course Zidian couldn’t whip out my soul. I didn’t seize anyone’s body, but was forcibly given one!’

Jiang Cheng slapped Wei Wuxian’s arm. Hard.

“Ow, what is that for?!”, he whined.

Jiang Cheng shrugged and brought his attention back to the screen.

Bewilderment could be seen on Jiang Cheng’s face as he prepared to whip again, when Lan Jingyi suddenly shouted, “Sect Leader Jiang, this should be enough, right? It was Zidian! It’s impossible for the first strike to fail and the second to succeed. If nothing was taken out, nothing will be taken out.”

Jiang Cheng stopped as he still cares of his reputation but if it wasn’t Wei Wuxian who summoned Wen Ning, who else could?

“Aww. I didn’t know you think so highly of me *xiao* (little) Cheng.” Wei Wuxian teased.

Jiang Cheng cringed at the nickname he called him. “Don’t call me that.”, he scowled as he smacked Wei Wuxian’s chest with the back of his palm.

Finally, meddlesome bystander chimed in on the conversation. He told Sect Leader Jiang of Mo Xuanyu’s past, his sanity, and his sexual preference.

Jiang Cheng’s eyebrow twitched and stared at Wei Wuxian. Although they did not end in great terms, they spent their childhood and teenage years together. Wei Wuxian wouldn’t have chosen the body of a lunatic cut-sleeve.

“Ironical.” Zizhen commented. Senior Wei wouldn’t have picked that body but that same lunatic cut-sleeve’s body led him to meet his husband after being parted for so many years.

Someone else muttered, “It’s not him no matter how you look at it... The flute was also played horribly... This is definitely a case of blind imitation, hearing how inferior it sounded.”

Wei WuXian felt somewhat offended. ‘... Why don’t you try playing a few notes after ten-or-so years of not practicing, using a lousy flute made with just a few slices and cuts? If it sounds pleasant, I’ll kneel in front of you!’

The cultivator who pointed out that Wei Wuxian played horribly stood up and bowed in a perfect angle. “Yiling Patriarch, I apologize for speaking out of turn.”, he said, loud enough to be heard by the people in front.

Wei Wuxian turned around to look at him and smiled, “It’s fine, it’s fine. I did play horribly back then.”

Sect Leader Yao, the attention-needy curmudgeon, yelled, “Why are you apologizing to that demon?!”

The cultivator tilted his head, confused. “...Because I insulted him... uh...”

“Sect Leader Yao.”, his friend whispered.

“Sect Leader... Hao?”, he continued, unsure if he heard it right. He’s not really someone who bothers to remember the names of those who are unimportant so the Sect Leader’s name must have flown right over his head.

“YOU—”

“Sect Leader Yao, we can just watch the show quietly, can we?” Lan Xichen said with a smile. Only it wasn’t his usual smile, there was nothing warm or nice in it. It was a smile as if daring him to continue disrupting the show and disrespecting his brother-in-law.

Sect Leader Yao did not continue what he was about to say and sat but not without grunting and throwing a few insults to the cultivator who didn’t know his name under his breath.

A moment later, Jiang Cheng made a gesture. The disciples understood his intentions and came over. If he isn’t Wei Wuxian then he would get information out of him by any means.

Wei Wuxian jumped behind Lan Wangji and exclaimed, “Ah! What are you going to do to me?”

Lan Wangji gave him a look, putting up with his extremely discourteous, noisy, and exaggerated behavior.

“Look! Hanguang-jun is annoyed of him.”, one of the women that A-Qing had an argument earlier said.

Another one of them chimed in, “He wouldn’t have changed from that if Wei Wuxian did not perform some demonic cultivation on him.”

A-Qing rolled her and sighed heavily. She knows full well that whatever she says will fall into deaf ears and closed minds, might as well not waste her energy talking to those dumb monkeys and let their imaginations run rampant.

Seeing that he had no means of moving over, Jiang Cheng spoke, “Second Young Master Lan, are you purposely making it difficult for me?”

Lan Sizhui spoke, “Sect Leader Jiang. The evidence is clear—Mo Xuanyu’s body was not taken. If so, why should you want to trouble an unimportant person such as him?”

“Then, why is Second Young Master Lan going to such great lengths to protect an unimportant person such as him?”

‘I need to find a way to get rid of both sides...’, Wei Wuxian thought.

Jiang Cheng grunted and massaged his temples. Readyng himself for the dumb shit that will come out of Wei Wuxian’s mouth.

Wei Wuxian made a few sounds of suppressed laughter.

He spoke, “Sect Leader Jiang, umm, I’ll feel very troubled if you keep on bothering me like this. Thank you for being so enthusiastic. However, your thoughts are quite off. Even if I am attracted to men, I don’t like just any type of man, much less follow anyone who waves at me. For example, I’m not interested in ones like you.”

And... There it is.

Jiang Cheng closed his eyes, shook his head, and let his forehead rest on his palm. Not bothering to look at the scene that’s about to unfold right before him. *This is dumb. Why are we even watching this? Ugh!*

Wei Wuxian knew that Jiang Cheng hates losing more than anything, no matter how pointless the competition was. As expected, his face darkened. “Oh, really? Then, may I ask which type you’re interested in?”

Wei Wuxian replied, “Which type? Well, I am very much attracted to people like Hanguang-jun.”

'Killing two birds with one stone! They'll definitely feel disgusted and keep their distance!'

However, as Lan Wangji heard this, he turned around.

His face was emotionless, "Mark your words."

Wei Wuxian, "Hmm?"

Lan Wangji turned back, speaking in a mannerly yet resolute way, "I will take this person back to the Lan Sect."

Wei Wuxian, "..."

Wei Wuxian, "...Huh?"

The crowd, "..."

The crowd, "...Huh?!"

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Cloud Recesses is known for its tranquility where one's heart would be like still water. Mist constantly enveloped the white walls and black roofs of the buildings, which stretched along the picturesque garden of the waterside pavilion, as if it was an ocean of clouds in the immortal realm. At dawn, the first rays of the morning sun shone through the hazy billows of mist that drifted far and wide.

However,...

“AHHHH!!! LET ME GOOOOO!!!”

Lan Qiren slowly closed his eyes and recited the GusuLan sect rules in his head. *Be easy on others. Do not hold grudges. Be generous...*

Wei Wuxian continued to cry in front of the entrance, clinging onto his donkey. He looked to his left and saw the Wall of Discipline. It was enough to make him wail louder than ever.

“Why are there so many rules? Last time I came here there were already three thousand!”

Lan Jingyi spoke, “Just how long was it when you came here. There are four thousand rules now.”

Four thousand... FOUR THOUSAND?!

“Four thousand?! Really?”, a Jin sect disciple asked his brother who went to Cloud Recesses to study.

The teen sighed, his eyes looking dead. “...Yeah.” He couldn't have forgotten when Master Qiren made them read all of the rules.

“Damn... I don’t wanna go there anymore.”

Lan Wangji stood still in front of the entrance, turning a deaf ear to him, and watched the scene with an indifferent look. When Wei Wuxian’s voice had somewhat quieted, he spoke, “Let him cry. When he becomes tired, drag him inside.”

Some cultivators gasped. Their eyes widening.

“D-did Hanguang-jun just said... drag him?”, a girl trailed.

Her friend, seemingly still in shock, nodded with her mouth slightly agape.

“I didn’t know Hanguang-jun could be so... rough...”

He continued to wail and flail until a few white-clothed cultivators walk through the gate. The tall and slender man, standing in front, stopped beside Lan Wangi.

“Wangji never brings guests home. This is?”, he said while smiling at Wei Wuxian.

“You see, Tian Mei? Zewu-jun handles everything calmly even when Wei Wuxian was explicitly breaking the rules of his sect. As oppose to Sect Leader Jiang who is always angry.” Yang Hui said.

Tian Mei just nodded at her in defeat as she can’t defend her beloved Sandu Shengshou, at least not yet. “Yeah. Yeah, sure. Whatever.”

Wei Wuxian saw this as an opportunity to get chased off the Cloud Recesses however, when just got ready to speak, Lan Wangji looked at him. Immediately, his lips were sealed close.

A-Qing smirked. “Hanguang-jun really doesn’t Wei Wuxian to go, huh?”, she said a little too loud for the women behind her to hear.

Wen Qing decided to fan the flames and spoke, “He even visited us before at Yiling. That already speaks for itself.”

The women behind huffed and puffed, audibly. “Of course, he won’t let him go. He’s going to punish him for his acts!”

A-Qing wanted to provoke them more so she said, “Jiejie, can you hear those flies buzzing? Too annoying.”

“Oh. No wonder. I can smell something foul behind us.” Wen Qing replied while scrunching her nose.

This angered them even more but did not say anything to prevent humiliating themselves even further.

Wen Qing and A-Qing giggled on their seats while Wen Ning, Xiao Xingchen, and Song Lan just shook their heads.

Lan Wangji and Lan Xichen chatted a little about visiting Lianfang-zun, Jin Guangyao, before their conversation went to the Mo village incident.

Lan Xichen spoke, “Uncle has taken and examined what you brought back from Mo Village.”

“It is not often that you bring somebody home, being in such good spirits. You need to treat your guest with courtesy, unlike this.”, he continued.

Good spirits? Wei Wuxian carefully looked at Lan Wangji’s face.

How could he tell that he was in good spirits?!

“How could he tell that he was in good spirits?!” A boy asked to his senior martial sister.

The girl replied, “There are many mysteries in this world, *shidi*. One of them is that.”

After watching Lan Xichen leave, Lan Wangji spoke, “Drag him inside.”

Then, Wei Wuxian was, indeed, dragged into a place which he swore not to step inside again.

“Where should we drag him to?” Lan Jingyi asked.

“The Jingshi.”

“... The Jingshi?!”

“What’s the jingshi?” A Jin disciple asked his friend from Lan Sect.

“... Hanguang-jun’s chamber.”

“Oh.”, a pause, “Ohhh... Well, that was fast.”, he murmured.

Wei Wuxian was pushed inside the room while Lan Wangji went to see his uncle.

He walked around the Jingshi, finding a way to escape the place he avoided for so long. He bent down and started to knock on the wooden floor. One plank made a hollow sound. Out of curiosity, he turned the piece of board up.

What he saw surprised him. Never in a million years would he expect Lan Wangji to have a secret stash of liquor—Emperor’s Smile, to be precise.

“Wangji!” This time, Lan Qiren couldn’t keep his emotion in check.

Lan Wangji still kept his poker face and answered, “Uncle.”

“W-Wha— Ho— Why...?”, he managed to ask despite the stuttering.

Lan Wangji stared at his Uncle but did not utter a single word. It was as if he was speaking to him but without saying anything.

Lan Qiren decided to save his questions for later even though he is quite sure of why his nephew did that. *You are too much like your father.*

When someone is known and praised, there is also a fat chance that numerous people will hate, blindly. Lan Wangji isn’t an exception to this.

“Liquor is prohibited at the Cloud Recesses isn’t it?”

“Yes. I don’t think they are allowed to drink even if they’re outside.”

“Hah! That’s what you get for being pretentious, your secret gets revealed to the world.”

“Lan Wangji is so arrogant. When we were at the Cloud Recesses, he punished us for bringing liquor but he— he even keeps a stash of it!”

They made sure not to speak too loudly. Just enough for them to hear each other. They would not risk getting mobbed by a bunch of Hanguang-jun admirers.

Wei Wuxian finished two jars of it before he decided to steal a jade token from any unfortunate Lan disciple. He remembered that there is a cold spring in Cloud Recesses for male cultivators, maybe he would be lucky to find someone there.

Before he act on his plans, first, he filled the empty jars with clear water and shoved them back in and closed the wood plank.

“Ah... I still can’t believe Hanguang-jun stores liquor underneath his floor...” said a Lan disciple.

Even his friend—no—almost all of Lan clan were dumbfounded by this fact. “Guess he *is* a human with earthly desires, after all.”

Wei Wuxian hid behind a large boulder and examined the area. There he found a neatly folded set of snowy-white clothes on top of white rocks.

He went ahead and searched for the jade token among the clothes. Wei Wuxian lifted his head to check if the person is looking.

The crowd gasped the same time Wei Wuxian held his breath. The man standing in the spring was quite tall. His skin was fair but it wasn’t the reason why everyone was stunned.

On his back lays dozens of intersecting scars. Scars from discipline whip.

“Oh my! What outrageous sin could this person have done to receive such punishment?!”

“Lan Sect, don’t you think you took things too far?!” , someone brave exclaimed.

The elders of Lan stayed silent as they know whom those scars belong to. Only one person would have them.

At the moment, the person in the spring turned around. Beneath his collarbone and near his heart, there was a clear sear. Seeing the sear, Wei WuXian’s shock instantly reached its highest peak.

The frame only captures the person’s chest down to his torso so the symbol was clear for everyone to see.

“Wen Sect?!”

“What in the world is happening here?!”

“Why does that person have so many scars?!”

The daring ones continued to question the Lans and even the former Wen Sect Leader.

Wen Ruohan looked at his sons, confused. “Did anyone of you branded someone from Lan Sect?”

Both shook their heads slowly, confused and unsure. They can’t really remember what other inhuman shits they did when they were alive. This one might have slipped out of their tiny brains.

Suddenly, a flash of white appeared before his eyes. The blue glare of a sword penetrated through the snow, slashing toward him.

“Bichen?!” Everyone exclaimed along with Wei Wuxian in the screen.

Of course everyone know it is Hanguang-jun’s sword. Damned are those who don’t.

Everyone went silent. Whether it was out confusion, shock, disbelief... they don't know. All they know is that there's too much information in so little time. Their minds couldn't process everything at once.

Lan Wangji? Hanguang-jun? Discipline scars? Wen brand scars? They must have seen it wrong. Their minds refuse to believe it. They couldn't. They wouldn't.

Wei Wuxian fled the place in an instant. However, he ran into a group of disciples who were passing by from nightwatching. They grabbed him and scolded, "What are you running around for? Running is prohibited in the Cloud Recesses!"

"I didn't see! I didn't see anything! I'm definitely not here to peep at Hanguang-jun bathing!" Wei Wuxian thought that if he invaded the privacy of their esteemed Hanguang-jun, he would finally be chased down the mountain.

"He... He didn't, did he...? He didn't peep, right?", they somehow feel like they are the ones being accused.

"Of course, not. He was... He was only looking for the... um... the jade. Yes... the jade."

"...Hmm, right... only for the jade token..."

Lan Jingyi seized him furiously, "You damn cut-sleeve! I-i-is he someone you could peek at?!"

Amid the ruckus, Lan Wangji walked out from the cold spring with his hair down and wearing a white robe.

Wei Wuxian let out a low whistle which earned him a disgusted look from Jiang Cheng.

"Can you please not do that?", he asked with a deep scowl on his face.

Wei Wuxian raised one of his brows to his brothers and smirked. "I'm just appreciating the view, Jiang Cheng. It's the little things in life.", he grinned.

“What view are you talking about? It’s just your husband with a wet hair!”, Jiang Cheng gestured to the screen and continued, “And he’s just right there beside you!”

Wei Wuxian’s grin grew wider. “Ah Jiang Cheng~,” he called in a sing-song voice. “you are too bitter. Should I find you a partner?”

Wei Wuxian looked around the room before spotting the perfect candidate to set-up with his brother. “What about Xichen-ge? He’s nice and tall and handsome and a respected man. You can never go wrong with that.”, he teased.

This drew the attention of the said man and looking at the grimace of the angry grape, somehow, he wants to tease him a little too. “What about me, Sect Leader Jiang?”

It caught Jiang Cheng out of guard. “I— What?!”

“I said, what about me?” Lan Xichen repeated with a slight playful tone in his voice.

Jiang Cheng gulped and laughed shakily, “I never thought of you to joke like that, Sect Leader Lan.”, he laughed again. “But please do not join Wei Wuxian on his shenanigans. Just him is enough of a headache for me.”

Lan Xichen let out a merry laugh. *Cute*, he thought.

The juniors hurried to greet him. Lan Jingyi rushed to speak, “Hanguang-jun, Mo Xuanyu really is awful. You only brought him back seeing that he assisted us at Mo Village, yet he... he...”

After a moment of silence, Lan Wangji spoke, “You are dismissed.”

His words allowed no second option. The crowd dispersed immediately while Lan Wangji calmly held Wei Wuxian by the collar and dragged him towards the jingshi.

Jiang Yanli giggled at the scene. “A-Xian, you seemed like a lost cat.”, she said and giggled more.

Wei Wuxian pouted, exaggeratingly. “Shijie.”

“Ugh. Stop making that face. You look awful.” Jiang Cheng grunted.

Wei Wuxian pouted even more while whining to annoy his brother. He pressed his face closer to Jiang Cheng’s and the latter kept on pushing him away. “A-Jie, make him stop. Help!”

And to Jiang Cheng's dismay, Jiang Yanli did not only not help him but also chuckled heartily at his suffering.

Jiang Fengmian gave her wife's hand a gentle squeeze when he saw that Yu Ziyuan was about tell their children off, again, for messing around. When this caught her attention, Jiang Fengmian minutely shook his head and smiled at her.

Yu Ziyuan huffed but decided to ignore the mess happening in front of her.

Wei Wuxian staggered, wanting to shout, but Lan Wangji spoke coldly, "Those who make noise will be silenced."

Wei Wuxian wants to be chased off the Recesses but not silenced. 'Since when did Lan Sect even became this lenient?!', he thought.

Lan Xichen let out a low chuckle. "Wuxian, you are special case. That's why."

Lan Wangji, "Brother."

"What?" Lan Xichen smiled (smirked) while Lan Wangji continued to stare at him in disbelief.

Lan Wangji walked straight to the inner room and threw Wei Wuxian on the bed.

Wei Wuxian wanted to whine more when he saw Lan Wangji holding Bichen, looking down on him commandingly. It was far from the normal proper Lan Wangji. His hair a bit loose and wearing thin clothing. The collars of his robes slightly apart showing his distinct collarbones and deep red sear under them.

Some cultivators (boys, girls, women, men, and everyone in between) hiccupped at the sight. They never thought it was even possible for a human to look this godly.

"Lan Zhan, let's recreate that next time, hmm?" Wei Wuxian whispered seductively to his husband.

Lan Wangji's eyes darkened and tightened his grip on Wei Wuxian's waist. *Ah. This is gonna bruise, for sure. Not that I'm complaining.*

The Lan Sect had strict sect rules, including a precise schedule of sleeping at nine in the evening and rising at five in the morning. The bell was a reminder for that. Lan Wangji listened attentively to the tolls, and spoke to Wei Wuxian, "You will be sleeping here."

Without giving Wei Wuxian a chance to reply, he turned to another compartment of the jingshi, leaving Wei Wuxian alone, sprawled on the bed alone and feeling confused.

After a while of staring at nothing and speculating what could've happen to Lan Wangji this past years to receive such awful scars, he turned around and went off the bed. He lightly moved to the other chamber.

"Oh god forbid! Please tell me he's not gonna do what I'm thinking." Wen Qing murmured to herself, her eyes squinting at Wei Wuxian in the screen.

Wen Ning looked at her curiously. "Why A-Jie? What is Young Master Wei thinking?"

"Wen Ning, some things are better unknown.", she replied.

Wei Wuxian fished for the jade token out of Lan Wangji. However, as he just extended his hand, Lan Wangji's long lashes fluttered, and he opened his eyes.

"Thank goodness, he didn't." Wen Qing exclaimed quietly.

He remembered Lan Wangji hated any form of physical touch before. Persistent of having himself kicked out, Wei Wuxian threw himself onto Lan Wangji's bed.

Wen Qing sighed in defeat. Disappointed but not surprised. What did I even expect..."

Lan Wangji's waist was trapped between Wei Wuxian's legs, his head in between the arms, their faces just a breath apart.

Lan Wangji stayed silent for a few moment, "Get off."

"No"

"...Get off."

"No. If you allowed me to sleep here, you should have known that something like this would happen."

The women—which Wen Qing and A-Qing hates—grunted, "Ugh. Wei Wuxian is so shameless. What a pig!"

"Are you sure that this is what you want?"

"..."

For some reason, Wei Wuxian felt that he should carefully consider his reply.

As he was about to curl his lips into a smile, a numbness suddenly came from his waist, and his legs gave out. With a thump, he fell onto Lan Wangji's body.

The curvature of a half-smile was frozen on his lips. His head was at the right side of Lan Wangji chest and he couldn't move at all. Lan Wangji's voice came from above him.

His voice was low and deep. His chest vibrated slightly as he spoke each word.

"Then stay like this for the whole night."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"...Well... seems like Wei Wuxian isn't the only shameless one, huh?" A-Qing snickered.

He shifted around, wanting to get up, but his waist continued to ache and felt limp. He could only be attached to another man in such an awkward situation, feeling a bit befuddled.

‘ Just what in the world happened to Lan Zhan in the past few years, turning him into a person like this? Was this the same Lan Zhan as before?! Shouldn’t he have been the person whose body was seized?!?’, Wei Wuxian thought because there is no way Lan Zhan would do something like this.

Lan Xichen glanced at his brother, amusedly. “...Wangji.” *Why?*

“ ... ”

Suddenly, as his thoughts were as jumbled as a hurricane, Lan WangJi slightly shifted. Wei WuXian’s spirits lifted, assuming that he finally couldn’t bear it any more. However, Lan WangJi simply waived his hand.

The lights went out.

Chapter End Notes

Aannndddd that's it for the week. I know this is shorter than usual but I had to cut the chapter there. Sorry hehe

Just wanna say, your comments really motivate me to write. Thank you very much :>

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The lights went out.

“...”

“...”

“Is it finished now?” Jin Zixuan asked.

A long high-pitch ringing engulfed the whole room. After a while, it was replaced by a voice, “Hello. Hello. Mic test. Can you hear me?”

“Who are you?!” Nie Mingjue shouted.

“Oh great, you can hear me.”, the voice said, sounding strangely familiar. “Hello uh... cultivators. There’s no need for you to know my name. Just know that this is all an accident and I didn’t mean to bring you all here. I’m really sorry.”

Wei Wuxian became even more curious. Just how powerful is this person that he brought people back to life by accident. “What is happening here?”, he asked.

“Okay. I... I was actually experimenting because I wanted to watch Grandmaster of Demonic Cultivation in something that exceeds 3D.”

“T-three... What did he say?” Jingyi whispered to Sizhui.

Sizhui shrugged, looking around to find the source of the voice. “...I don’t know...”

The voice continued, “I thought, why not just experience it first-hand. So, I made this machine that’s supposed to transmit my consciousness to your world but shit happened and... yeah... I kinda brought you all here instead...”

“...”

“...”

“...What?”

“I’m not sure I understand what he just said.”

“...Yeah, me neither.”

“...”

“Can’t you just take us back?”, Nie Huaisang asked after a moment of silence. To be honest, he enjoys the show and having his Da-ge around again but he still wanted to ask just to make sure they’re going to come out of it alive.

“Uh... So, the thing is... you have to finish the whole show for this to end...” he said sheepishly.

The cultivators bellowed, “This is madness!” “Bullshit!”

“Okay... uhm...”, the person tried to speak but his voice was drowned out by the angry shouting of the cultivators.

“Settle down!” Another voice echoed throughout the room. When everyone halted talking, he continued, “Now, sit your asses down and listen!”

There was a shuffling noise before muffled voices were heard. “Bo-di, you didn’t have to shout at them. It was my fault.”

“But Zhan-ge, they weren’t listening.”

“I can handle them. I told you to order foods for them ‘cause I don’t think they can perform *inedia* without spiritual energy.”

“But—”

“Yibo. Go now.”, his tone was stern and did not allow the other person to retaliate.

There was a sound of door closing from a distance before he spoke again, “As I was saying, there might be another way to speed this up although you still have to watch a whole chapter.”, he paused. “Can someone— ah no—Mister Lan Xichen, can you please go to the side of the screen.”

Lan Xichen followed him and went in front where the screen is.

“There should be a rectangular thing there with buttons. Just press the bottom one on the right, that should play the last chapter.”

Lan Xichen did as he said but after doing it, nothing happened. He tried again, but still, nothing.

“Oh shit...”, the person, or as the other guy called him earlier, Zhan-ge, cursed audibly. “Let me go check something first. Excuse me.”

What the hell happened to the controller?!, he thought. Xiao Zhan went to check the cameras inside the auditorium and it clearly showed how Jin Ling accidentally broke when he leaned

on it earlier.

“Ugh... I should have checked here...”, he muttered to himself.

If only he went here earlier after their run test failed and did not idle around, moping because of his unsuccessful experiment.

He walked to where he left the microphone, took a deep breath and spoke, “It looks like there is a malfunction in the controller. Sorry to inform you but... you have to watch the whole show...”

I can't say that it was Jin Ling who broke it or else they're gonna blame him for everything...

He can see most of the cultivators shouting and complaining from where he is standing. Although he can't be seen by them since the glass on the room is tinted and the auditorium is too dark for them to see.

He went to the back of the room and sat on the couch for the staffs.

After what feels like an eternity, Wang Yibo came back. “I ordered pizza and water for them.”

“... Just water?”

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“I don't like them.”

“...”

“...”

“...Thank you, Bo-di.”

Yibo was quiet for a second before he threw his hands on the air and gasped dramatically as if he just had an epiphany, “Ah! I should have bought vodka for the Lans.”

“Wang Yibo!” Xiao Zhan snapped then glared at him. “Don't you dare.”, he warned.

Yibo grinned, like the little troll that he is. “I'm not gonna do it, ge. I was just thinking about it.”

Wang Yibo sat beside Xiao Zhan. “Gege, don't you still have a work to finish? I don't think you should spend your time sitting around here.”

“Ahh. I know. I know. But I have to make sure they won't cause trouble.” Xiao Zhan sighed and let his head rest on Yibo's shoulder.

Wang Yibo caressed Xiao Zhan's hair and said, "They should be fine. You said your parents closed this cinema for a week. There shouldn't be any problem about other people finding them. You can just check on them every now and then. I'll babysit them for you." Wang Yibo looked through the glass and saw the cultivators chatting among themselves. "Ge, did the show stop?"

"No. I purposely put breaks in between the parts of the show so we could take a break while watching. It should last for about half an hour."

"Couldn't you just skip to the last chapter so they can leave faster?", Yibo asked.

Xiao Zhan took a deep sigh and said, "Jin Ling accidentally broke the controller."

While they were talking, Yibo's phone rang. "The food is here.", he announced.

Xiao Zhan stood up and on his way to the door when Wang Yibo called him, "Zhan-ge, I'll get it."

"No, it's okay. Just watch them for me."

Wang Yibo furrowed his brows but said a moment later, "Alright but take the robots with you to deliver the foods inside. I don't trust those people."

Xiao Zhan smiled and nodded at Yibo before closing the door behind him.

"—and when I came back, I saw Jiang Cheng and Lan Zhan chatting in the garden. What surprised me is that they looked so calm while talking to each other." Wei Wuxian told Jiang Yanli, merrily.

Yanli giggled behind her sleeve, "I remember when you were gone for months. They searched together for you. They were even discussing of the possible place—"

"Excuse me. Sorry for interrupting. I brought food for you all. However, they are far from what you are used to. But I can assure you it tastes good." Xiao Zhan announced.

Wang Yibo snatched the microphone from him and spoke, "Get the food and drinks from the robot assistants—those machine things at the side. If you need to use the bathroom, they're at the front. Just go behind the screen, you would see three doors, right for girls, left for boys, and center for those who aren't comfortable with the other two. I'm gonna leave a robot for each bathroom so you have a guide on what to do there, just make sure not to break them like you did with the controller. And last thing, Do. Not. Come. Out. If you want to go home fast, never go out of that room."

Nie Huaisang raised one of his brows and glanced at Lan Xichen. "I thought Xichen-ge did not see any doors...", he trailed. It's not like Lan Xichen will lie about it but it made him really confused.

“Oh right, you’re not familiar with the things around here. The door is not really noticeable since it is lined up with the wall. There’s be a rectangle that’s a shade lighter than the rest of the wall, that is the door. Just touch the circle on it and it will open up.”, Xiao Zhan answered.

There was a loud thud then came the muffled voices. “Zhan-ge, you should go now. You can just check in on them later.”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m going. Just a second.” Xiao Zhan picked up the mic, “Enjoy the show.”, followed by silence.

Jingyi looked around the room and saw the so-called robots at the end of each row. “...So... can we eat now?”

“Kid, do you trust that man so easily?”, a cultivator asked, still wary of the situation they are in.

Just when the others were about to start an argument again, Wei Wuxian spoke, “I don’t know about you people but I am famished. Lan Zhan, I’m gonna go get us some food, okay?”

Wei Wuxian quickly went to the serving robots and took a box of pizza and two drinks for him and Lan Wangji. Soon after he went back to their seat, most junior and some adults followed.

Wei Wuxian opened the box and sniffed the food inside. “Ooh, this smells good. Jiang Cheng, you smell it too.”

At first, Jiang Cheng was too suspicious of Wei Wuxian to do it but once the aroma of the dough and the toppings hit his nose, he lifted the box and smelled it too. “Hm. It does smell good.”

Jiang Yanli, who was standing behind her brother, gestured to her husband and made him come close. “A-Xuan, can you get a box for us too? Me, you, and A-Ling.”

“Anything for you, A-Li.”, says Jin Zixuan.

This earned him a disgusted noise from Jiang Cheng and Wei Wuxian.

“Disgusting.”

“Ugh.”

Jiang Yanli smacked her brothers, softly. “Behave, you two.”

Wei Wuxian took a slice and tried to bite it but Lan Wangji snatched it from his hand and bit first.

“Ah! Lan Zhan, you didn’t have to check it for me. You know my tolerance, even for poison, is high and I wanted the first bite.”, he pouted.

Everyone was waiting for some reaction from the esteemed cultivator and when he swallowed it with no problem, they took a sigh of relief.

“Is it good?” Wei Wuxian asked like a bunny waiting for its treats.

“Mn.”

It only took one hum from Lan Wangji for everyone to start eating their own food. If Hanguang-jun said it’s good then it must be good.

“Hmm... dish ish delishush.”

Jin Ling looked at his friend in disgust, “Jingyi, do not talk with food in your mouth.”

Jingyi just brushed him off, focusing on the food. “Yeah. Yeah. Just eat already.”, he said and shove a slice into Jin Ling’s face.

Jin Ling took it disdainfully and took a small bite. After swallowing the first piece, he took another bite, and then another after another until the slice he was holding was gone.

“Slow down a little, you might choke.” Sizhui reminded. He looked up and saw Jiang Yanli looking at them with fond eyes before realization hit him. “Jin Ling, shouldn’t you eat with your parents?”

Jin Ling responded without looking up, still stuffing his face with food, “My what?”

“Parents.”

The group stilled for a moment.

Just as Sizhui thought, they forgot that Jin Ling’s parents were here and not six feet underground. Their friend could finally eat with his parents and they forgot. How could they even call themselves as his friends.

It also slipped out of Jin Ling's mind. After so long of eating with his uncles or with his friends or, at worse days, by himself, he forgot that he has his parents now.

“You should go.” Jingyi urged in a quiet voice.

Jin Ling blinked and glanced at his parents. “...Yeah. I-I should.” He stood up and went to Jiang Yanli’s side.

Zizhen cleared his throat then patted his robes off of the crumbs from the dough. “I’m gonna go get us some drinks.”

“Da-ge, aren’t you going to eat?” Nie Huaisang asked while munching on a pizza from Jiang Cheng’s box.

Nie Mingjue looked around for a second and said, “Later. Do you know where Xichen is?”

“Xichen-ge said he was gonna meditate there.” Huaisang pointed to the side of the room.

Mingjue walked towards the place Huaisang pointed at, and there he found Xichen sitting in a lotus position.

“Xichen.”, he called.

“Da-ge.” Xichen returned.

Nie Mingjue sat beside him in the same lotus position. “Can you explain now?”

“I would but before that, I have to tell you something.”, he paused. “I think there is a spiritual energy here but it is too little. After meditating here for a couple minutes, I can feel it in my golden core but there’s only small amount of it. Just enough for the basics, not for combat.”

Nie Mingjue tried to focus the spiritual energy in his golden core. He unsheathed the saber hanging on his back and for a moment, a red glare flickered before it vanished. “We should tell the others.”

“Right. I think it’s better for us to perform inedia than eat those things they give us.” Xichen seconded.

They walked out of the shadows to tell the others but what Lan Xichen saw would have made his jaw drop if he wasn’t trained to be proper from a young age.

“...They’re ...eating it? E-even Wangji?”, he looked at Nie Mingjue for answer.

Nie Mingjue scratched the back of his neck. “Uh... Yeah. He’s actually the first one to eat.”

Lan Xichen was still gaping when their attention was caught by the sound coming from the screen.

“PLEASE TAKE A SEAT. THE SHOW WILL CONTINUE IN A MINUTE.”

The screen showed the same timer earlier.

“Da-ge, should we sit next to each other? So I can tell you everything that had happened while you were gone.”, says Xichen.

“Mn. Okay. Where should we sit?”

Lan Qiren walked towards Lan Xichen and Nie Mingjue's direction. "Xichen, we're going to sit with the other elders. Is it okay for you to sit alone?"

Lan Xichen shook his head and said, "No worries, uncle. Da-ge will keep me company."

Nie Mingjue waited for Lan Qiren to walk away before whispering, "Good timing."

Nie Mingjue just sat down beside Lan Xichen when his brother called him, "Da-ge, let me sit beside you."

"No." Nie Mingjue replied instantly but too late for him Huaisang was already making himself comfortable beside him.

Chapter End Notes

This is set in the future to make the story more believable hehe.

By the way, I edited the other chapters because for some reason (which may or may not be related to reading fanfics) my dumb ass thought Jin Zixuan became a sect leader.

Thank you to the reader who pointed that out to me 🙄.

You can leave some critics and comments if you want. In fact, I would be grateful if you would so I can improve my writing.



Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When the countdown finished, the screen went black for a second before it fades in to a teen resting on a boat. His face covered by a bamboo hat.

“A-Xian.”, a gentle voice called. “A-xian.”, she repeated.

Then he heard an angry stomp. “I’ll release the dog if you don’t get up.” His tone was stern and harsh but not really angry.

Wei Wuxian immediately sat up and exclaimed, “Dogs?!”

The disciples in purple robes chuckled along with the two teens leading them. It was the Jiang siblings, Jiang Wanyin and Jiang Yanli.

“Oh... I-is that— T-that’s Senior Wei?” Jingyi wasn’t the only one surprised by the scene.

Even Jin Ling jumped a little on his seat. “...Jiujiu? And mother?”

A boy tilted his head and asked, “That’s Wei Wuxian? The Yiling Patriarch?”

His senior martial sister nodded at him without looking away from the screen and munching on a piece of pizza.

“He looks nothing like the portrait shown in books...”, the boy muttered.

“Of course he doesn’t. He’s depicted as some ugly demonic creature in those books. I heard Wei Wuxian ranked fourth among the young masters and Sect Leader Jiang ranked fifth.”

This piqued the interest of the teen behind them. “Really? Then who are the top three?”, he asked.

“I heard the first was Zewu-jun followed by his brother, Hanguang-jun, then third was Senior Jin Zixuan.”

The teen took a glance in front where all of the mentioned cultivators are sitting and nodded. “Mm. They are really handsome.”

“And powerful cultivators too.”, the senior martial sister added.

“Jiang Cheng! Look you’re so young!” Wei Wuxian yelled, his eyes twinkling in excitement. “And shijie, you’re pretty as always.”

Jiang Cheng was too shocked to even respond on his brother’s usual teasing. He only gaped at the screen with his mouth slowly open. “...That’s probably 15 to 20 years ago. Don’t tell me were going to watch 15 years’ worth of your memory?!”

Suddenly, a voice chimed in. The same guy who told them to shut up earlier. “No, dumbass. That is only a flashback. The unnecessary ones will be skipped, obviously. Only the important scenes will be shown.”

“Who are you calling dumbass?! I’m gonna break your legs!” Jiang Cheng fumed. *How dare this person disrespect me!*

“Oh. I’d like to see you try, *Sandu Shengshou*.” His voice was filled with sarcasm which angered the Sect Leader even more.

Jiang Cheng was about to yell again when he felt a light tug on his sleeve. “A-Cheng, that’s enough.”

At his sister’s command, he stopped whatever words was about to come out of his mouth and threw a glare to his unseen opponent.

The Jiang sect disciples continued their way to the Cloud Recesses while the two boys were bickering, as usual, with Jiang Yanli between them.

“Alright, you two. This is not Lotus Pier. Behave properly.”, she said.

A girl leaned in to her martial brother to whisper, “Madam Jiang is so graceful and well-mannered even when she was young.”

Her martial brother nodded and whispered back, “And she’s really powerful too. I mean, not Hanguang-jun type powerful but she’s the only one who can calm down Sandu Shengshou and Yiling Patriarch with just few words.”

“Right. If I were Jin Zixun earlier, I would probably piss myself out of pure fright.”

After a while of walking, the group reached the gate of Cloud Recesses but when asked for their invitation, they presented nothing. Unfortunately, they lost their invitation. In the end, Wei Wuxian had to go down the mountain and find it for them to enter Cloud Recesses.

When he came back (with two jars of liquor on his hand) to where he left the other disciples and his siblings, they weren't there.

“He’s not gonna get in.” A cultivator said confidently.

His martial brothers looked at him, confused. “Why do you think so, *shixiong*?”

“He brought a liquor. It is not allowed in Cloud Recesses.”

The other disciples hummed while nodding then turned his attention back on the screen.

‘They must have entered already.’, he thought to himself.

He headed to the gate and was about to enter but there was a spell preventing him from doing so. He walked around the walls and found a relatively low one where can jump onto.

But luck must have been against him that day.

As he was about to jump down the wall, there was a boy standing below.

In another circumstances, Wei Wuxian would probably compliment him for his handsome face. His amber eyes reflecting the full moon above them and on his back rests a silver sword. But this is not the time for compliments.

The audience felt as though they were looking up at millions of stars in the dark night when the screen focused on Lan Wangji’s eyes. To say that it was mesmerizing is an understatement.

“Lan Zhan, you really are the most beautiful person I have ever seen.”, Wei Wuxian said without taking his eyes of the screen.

His words were so sincere without a mix a playfulness that Lan Wangji’s ears turned crimson red. The hand resting on his lap scrunching his robe.

One of the male cultivators clicked his tongue. He wasn't of those who hated the Yiling Patriarch for no reason but he did not like him either. *"Tsk. Now I feel bad for Wei Wuxian. Of all the people who could have caught him... tsk tsk."*

"No one shall enter Cloud Recesses until 7 in the morning.", says the teen, void of any emotion.

Wei Wuxian scratched the back of his head. "Ah. Young Master, I'm not really familiar with the rules since I am new here. I promised not to do such a thing again so can you turn a blind eye for now. Hehe."

An elder woman rolled her eyes and crossed her arms in front of her chest. "Even from when he was young, the Yiling Patriarch is really rotten to the core. Not even a day in Cloud Recesses and he already broke the rules."

When the Young Master did not respond and continued to stare at him, Wei Wuxian stood up. "I'll just take a glimpse of Jiang Cheng and shijie to make sure they are okay."

"You mean to sneak past him?" Jiang Cheng smirked.

"Jiang Cheng, desperate times calls for desperate measures."

Wei Wuxian was about to jump off the wall when the Lan disciple jumped gracefully to where he was standing. Half of his sword already unsheathed from its scabbard, blocking Wei Wuxian's way.

"How about this, I'll give you one jar of Emperor's Smile and you forget that this ever happened."

"Wei-xiong you really are bold for doing that." Nie Huaisang chuckled, half of his face covered by his fan.

Zizhen tilted his head when he heard the name of the liquor Wei Wuxian was holding. "Emperor's Smile? Isn't that the same one Hanguang-jun was hiding underneath his floorboards?", he murmured but no one seem to have heard him as his friends were focused watching the show.

The stoic teen spoke again, “Alcohol is forbidden in Cloud Recesses.”

Wei Wuxian is a bit irritated now. Everytime the guy says something, it’s only about the rules. It was like he is talking to a brick. He continued to plea his way in the Cloud Recesses but the Lan disciple’s face remained stone cold.

In the end, Wei Wuxian tried to run away from the Lan disciple hoping he wouldn’t catch up but not even two steps later, the teen’s sword hit his own’s scabbard.

“That’s their first meeting?” A-Qing palmed her face, “No wonder the whole world thinks they are enemies...”

The cultivators watched as the teen Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji exchange blows on top of the wall. The full moon shining brightly right above them. Positioned in a perfect angle that when their swords collide, it reflects the moonlight beautifully.

They couldn’t help but think they are watching something much more intimate than just a simple swordfighting.

A young Lan disciple tried to hide the blush creeping up his face by assessing their fighting style. “...H-Hanguang-jun moves so gracefully even when he was teen.”

His martial brother beside him replied, “Yeah... And Senior Wei, too. I have never seen Senior Wei fight with a sword. He always uses talismans and spells when he accompanies us.”

Another one chimed, “Senior Wei is also using a YunmengJiang style. Agile yet calculated.”

They continued to discuss about their seniors’ fighting style as more disciples joined in until they heard a loud crash of a ceramic breaking. It was one of the jars Wei Wuxian was holding.

“You’re too much!” Wei Wuxian exclaimed, throwing glare at the Lan disciple in front of him.

“Okay, if alcohol is prohibited in the Cloud Recesses, then I won’t go in. I’ll drink it standing on the wall. That wouldn’t count as violating the rules, would it?”, he said when the teen did not speak.

He leaped away from the other cultivators then proceeded to down a jar of Emperor's Smile within seconds. Some of the liquor dripped from his mouth down to his neck and glistened under the moonlight.

Lan Wangji clenched his hand while still holding Wei Wuxian by his waist. His eyes focused on the screen, intently watching the teen in black and red robes.

Oh dear husband, you are driving me out of my mind, Wei Wuxian thought.

On his other side, Jiang Cheng snorted and said, "Even a donkey has more grace while drinking than you. Heh."

The Lan disciple readied to charge in again when Wei Wuxian raised his hands beside him in surrender, "Okay, okay. I won't step in until morning. Deal? I'll just stay outside the wall and wait."

Wei Wuxian stayed in position for a moment before the Lan sheathed his sword. He waited for Wei Wuxian to jump down before continuing to patrol inside.

Jiang Cheng furrowed his brows. As far as he remembers, Wei Wuxian was sleeping inside their quarter when he woke up. "Did you really wait until morning?", he asked.

Wei Wuxian's lips formed an O-shape, "Oh that..."

After an hour, Wei Wuxian jumped on the wall again, stealthily this time, and checked the surrounding to make sure that it's clear of any possible hurdles—like the guy he met earlier—then proceeded to sneak in a room where he found Jiang Cheng resting.

Wei Wuxian smiled sheepishly to his brother then said, "Yeah... I did that."

Jiang Cheng closed his eyes and took a deep, deep breath. *I should have known...*

In the morning, Wei Wuxian got up late, as usual. Him and Jiang Cheng ran to the bridge leading to the Orchid room where their sister is waiting along with the other Jiang disciples.

“Hah.. hah... I won't wake you up next time if you're late again.” Jiang Cheng said between his breaths.

Wei Wuxian tied his messed-up hair into a loose ponytail with the crimson ribbon that was tied on his wrist.

“I'm only late. The worse they could do is make me stand in the corner.”, he replied with a grin.

Jiang Yanli intervened and stood between her brothers before their teasing could go physical. “Alright, alright. Let's go now.”

“I'm slowly getting convinced that Madam Jiang is actually their mother.”, a girl said thoughtlessly.

Well, she's not wrong. Most cultivators are also thinking the same thing as her. If they don't know the three and if Jiang Yanli looked a lot older than her brothers, she could probably pass as their mom because how she treats them.

An over doting mother.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry this took too long to update. I was debating with myself whether I should stick with just the novel or mix it with CQL. In the end, I decided to do the latter because I find it more fun to write. Don't worry, the main plot won't diverge from the novel.

Just curious, have you read a book titled 'A Little Life'? That book seriously fucked me up, emotionally, on so many levels. If you wanna read that, look up the trigger warnings first.

Please recommend some more queer book. Preferably, fluff with a little bit of angst or something that would make me cry. Thank you 🥹

Chapter 9

Along the way, they met more disciples from various sects and it only took few exchanges of sentences before they all buddied up.

After a while of talking to each other, their subject became how boring Gusu is and how it's so much fun in Lotus Pier.

One youth spoke, "Next year, I'm going to Yunmeng to study! Nobody can hold me back!"

Nie Mingjue glared at his brother sitting prettily beside him, his fan still covering half of his face. "Huaisang!"

Nie Huaisang jumped a little on his seat then looked at his older brother and smiled sheepishly, although it was hidden behind his fan. "Da-ge."

"Nobody would hold you back. Your older brother would just break your legs."

The disciples all laughed at this. They all know that even though Sect Leader Nie have a solid relationship with Nie Huaisang, he's still, nonetheless, terrifying. Especially when it is about his little brother's studies.

Wei Wuxian spoke, "To be honest, Gusu is quite fun as well."

"Says the one who broke rules on his first night in Gusu." Jin Ling said.

Sizhui glanced at Jingyi and sighed. "Jingyi, don't get ideas.", he warned.

"What? I'm not even doing anything."

"You're breathing. There's that.", says Jin Ling in a matter-of-fact tone.

Jingyi scowled at him. "Shut up, Young Mistress."

"Just don't plan on breaking a bunch of rules again and copying Senior Wei's antics, Jingyi." Zizhen interrupted before the two ducklings—Jin Ling and Jingyi—could tear each other's head off.

“I don’t even plan it. It just, somehow, happens.”, he pouted. They all know what Jingyi said is true. He never plans what chaos he will cause in and out of Cloud Recesses. Somehow, the chaos always finds him first and drags his friends along with him

Nie Huaisang spoke, “Wei-xiong, just remember, do not ever provoke the proudest disciple of Lan Qiren, the disciple named Lan Zhan.”

“The Lan Zhan from Two Jades of Lan? Lan Wangji?” Wei Wuxian asked. “Is he the lad who looks quite pretty? Very pretty.”

Lan Xichen could see the tip of his brother’s ear going red from the compliment. *Ah Wangji, you are too adorable*, he thought.

“White from top to bottom, wearing a forehead ribbon, and carrying a silver sword on his back. He looked rather handsome, but with his straight face, he looked like he was mourning.”, he continued.

Nie Huaisang spoke assuredly, “That’s him!” After a pause, he spoke again, “But he had been doing secluded meditation for the past few days. You just came yesterday; when did you have the chance to see him?”

“Wei Wuxian is really good at fucking shits up. Don’t even bother to ask.” Jiang Cheng said to Nie Huaisang on the screen to which his friend responded with chuckle.

On her own seat, Wen Qing also nodded to Jiang Cheng’s words. “Wei Wuxian is an epitome of a walking disaster”, she murmured to herself.

“Yesterday night.” Wei Wuxian then proceeded to tell them everything that had happen the night before to which the listeners responded with gasps and giggles.

Exactly after Wei Wuxian finished the story, they were standing right in front of the Orchid room’s door. The laughing disciples became quiet then immediately dispersed and went to their own seats. Wei Wuxian looked up to see what made them so quiet.

It was Lan Wangji. He was sitting upright, glaring straight at him.

Nie Huaisang gave him a grimace behind the fan hiding the lower half of his face, “Take care, Wei-xiong.”

Jiang Cheng patted Wei Wuxian’s shoulder and whispered, “He’s after you. Hope for the best.”

Next to him was Jiang Yanli who’s giving him a sympathetic look, “Behave yourself, A-Xian.”

A Lan disciple shivered when he saw Hanguang-jun’s glare at Wei Wuxian. “If I were him, I would probably run away.”

“If he were you, he wouldn’t have done it in the first place. You don’t have the guts.”, his friend teased.

“As if you do.”, he sneered back at him.

They heard a cough behind them. And for a moment, they felt as though their hearts dropped on the ground.

They forgot the elders were sitting directly behind them.

The Lan disciples immediately straightened their backs and continued to watch the show in silence.

A man entered the room with a scroll in one hand. He was tall and thin standing with a straight back.

As soon as Lan Qiren opened the scroll, it rolled all over the ground, reaching the center aisle of the room. He recited everything written on the scroll. The 3000 sect rules of Lan.

Bored of whatever the man in front was saying, Wei Wuxian let his eyes wander everywhere then his gaze landed onto Lan Wangji. “How can he listen so attentively to something so boring?”

If Lan Qiren was near the menace—namely, Wei Wuxian—he would have said something along the lines of ‘Shameless!’ or ‘Hoodlum!’, but since he can’t speak too loudly, as it is

against the sect rules, he remained silent on his seat.

Lan Qiren then slammed the scroll onto the ground, said something about not reading the rules and violating it by feigning ignorance blah blah blah which Wei Wuxian know is directed at him. As expected, the man called him, “Wei Ying.”

He stood up and answered, “Here!”

Lan Qiren asked him to differentiate yao, monsters, ghosts, and demons, the type of peony LanlingJin sect uses, and other things just to put him on the spot. But Wei Wuxian answered all of the questions perfectly.

“I could answer them all, too. He’s not special.” A jealous man said with smirk.

The girl he was trying to impress wrinkled her nose in disgust. “Uh... I didn’t ask.”

The man did not only ignore her distaste but also decided that the attention she gave him is an affirmation for him to talk her ear off. He bragged about the number of yao and ghosts he had eradicated (which, by the way, is not much and who even keeps count of everything they killed. It’s not a competition!) and how many girls he impressed because of it.

Then, go and boast all your so-called “accomplishments” to them and do not bother me. I am not interested in men and especially, not you!, she would have said if not for the fact that she doesn’t want to garner any more unwanted attention.

Finally, she reached her limit and turned to the other guy beside her—thankfully, not another creepy middle-age man but someone close to her age—to whisper, “Hey, can we switch seats? I don’t feel comfortable sitting beside this person.”

The boy looked at her then glanced at the man beside her, still not finished telling the story about the time he caught a water ghoul. “Sure.”, he said then smiled at her.

When the boy stood up and sat between him and the girl, the man was clearly mad. His face was red and looked constipated. “You ill-mannered brat! Can’t you see we’re having a conversation?! What sect are you from?! They did not even teach you proper manners!”

The boy smiled politely, “I apologize, senior. It’s rude of me not to introduce myself. I am Wu Jiahao of MiranWu sect.”, he paused then bowed his head with his hands clasped in front of him. When he looked up again, his eyes lost its glint. One corner of his lips was pulled up in annoyance. “I am sorry if I interrupted your *conversation* but as far as I know, a conversation is between two or more parties. It seemed to me more that you are just talking

one-sidedly, bragging about yourself while this maiden obviously is uncomfortable in your presence. I just did what I think is right and separated her from you.”

The man became even redder—which Wu Jiahao did not know is possible—and raised his voice at him, “You’ve got a smart mouth on you, huh?! Is that how your parents teach you?!”

He chuckled, just for the sake of annoying the man before him even more, and said, “Well, yes. I was taught by my mother.”

Wu Jiahao took a glance where his mother is seated—five persons away from him—and the man followed. It was Wu Cuifen, the woman who made the rude cultivator from earlier shut his mouth, the sect leader of MiranWu, this boy’s mother.

She was already looking at their direction and glaring at him. Apparently, his voice was loud enough to attract the attention of the cultivators around them.

If it was another person, another woman or a man, he would have call her out for the dirty look she’s giving him. But he knew whom not to mess with. He knew whom not to cross path with, and one of those people is this woman. And so, he chose—wisely so—to keep his mouth shut.

“As a disciple of the YunmengJiang Sect, you should have been very familiar with these and known them by heart since long ago, so there is nothing to be proud of even if you answered correctly. Let me ask you again—there is an executioner with parents, a wife, and children, but before he died, he executed more than one hundred people. He suddenly died in the public and, to punish him for his deeds, he was left on the streets for seven days. With the repressed energy of resentment, he started to haunt and kill. What should be done?”

Seeing that Wei Wuxian was silent for a while, Lan Qiren called on another student. “Wangji, you can tell him what should be done.”

“Hey, Sizhui. Do you have something I can write on?” Jingyi asked while listening attentively on Hanguang-jun’s answer.

Sizhui patted his robes for some paper but there was none. “No, I don’t have anything. Sorry.”

“Just write it on your robes.” Jin Ling chimed. He’s pretty sure somewhere in those 4000 rules states that ‘Lan disciples must always look pristine’ or something about maintaining a clean appearance.

“I would but I don’t have an ink.”

“You can use your blood.”

Zizhen looked at them with horrified expression because knowing Jingyi, he would probably do it.

Thanks to Sizhui, he didn't. “Jin Ling!”, he gasped while holding Jingyi's wrist.

“What? It's just a suggestion.” Jin Ling shrugged and smiled very demon-like.

"Sizhui, I'm not dumb enough to do that."

Sizhui raised a brow at him, "Really?"

"I mean, I have to make use of the resources that I have so I'd probably do it but not because I'm *dumb*." Jingyi rebutted.

Conversations like this make Zizhen silently question his choices of friends. But to think of it, he doesn't really hate it and often finds them hilarious.

“It wasn't that I didn't know of this answer, I was only thinking of a fourth path.”

Most cultivators tilted their head when they heard what Wei Wuxian said. “Fourth path? Is there something like that?” Nie Mingjue asked Lan Xichen.

“I don't recall.”

You're in for a surprise, Nie Huaisang thought while listening to their conversation. He had been eavesdropping ever since Lan Xichen was filling in Nie Mingjue of what he missed and truth be told, it's not an easy feat to focus on their conversation while watching the show.

Wei Wuxian spoke, “Because the executioner died in such a way, it is only natural that he turned into a ferocious corpse. Since he executed more than one hundred people before he died, why not dig up the graves of these people, arouse their energy of resentment, collect the heads of those hundred people, and use them to fight with the ferocious corpse...”

A collective gasp resounded the room after Wei Wuxian's answer.

"That is outrageous!"

"He has always been demonical!"

"He should have been executed right there and then!"

As more and more people started to throw insult to Wei Wuxian, the room grew louder and more chaotic until the cultivators heard the sound of someone clearing their throat and felt the temperature dropping.

Jiang Cheng might have been harsh to his brother but he couldn't take other people doing the same thing to his brother. Not this time.

He was ready to yell at the cultivators behind when he felt a hand hold onto his arm and carefully caress it. "A-Cheng." It was Jiang Yanli. Her voice was gentle unlike her darkening eyes, similar to that of a lioness ready to rip anyone who tries to lay a hand on her cub.

Jiang Cheng immediately calmed himself as his sister was doing the same. *Say more and we'll tear all of your limbs off one by one*, he warned silently.

Lan Qiren was so angered his goatee was quivering. "How dare you?!" He continued to lash out on Wei Wuxian while throwing books at him.

The students were stunned by the argument between the teacher and the student that no one dared to interfere but they were even more stunned when Wei Wuxian gladly went out the room after Lan Qiren told him to get out.

Madam Yu clenched her fists as she bore a hole through Wei Wuxian's head with a glare. "Wei Ying!", she called out. "You brat! Is that how you were taught to behave outside Lotus Pier?!"

"Mother, It's in the past now." Jiang Yanli is used to mediating fights between her brothers and parents that she stepped in out of impulse. Luckily, Wei Wuxian's behavior wasn't out of Madam Yu's expectation that she can't let the issue pass.

Wei Wuxian sighed in relief and whispered, "Thank you, shijie."

Wei Wuxian wandered about the Cloud Recesses to pass time and when the lesson ended, they found him sitting on the roof of a tall wall with a piece of grass in his mouth.

The disciples laughed while pointing at him, “Wei-xiong! How admirable of you! He told you to get out and you really went outside!”

“After you went out, a long while passed before he finally understood what happened. His face was so purple!”

“Hehehe.” Sizhui heard the person beside him giggle.

He glared at Jingyi and warned, “Jingyi.”

Jingyi looked at him, still with a smirk. “What? It was funny.”

Saying he didn’t think looking at the purple-faced Master Qiren was funny would be a lie. But he wouldn’t admit that openly and so he settled with a sigh of disappointment.

“See. You thought so, too.” Jingyi teased, poking at Sizhui’s side.

Chapter 10

“To be honest, Wei-xiong’s words were quite interesting. If resentful energy can easily be taken and used, it would be beyond wonderful especially for cultivators with weak golden core like me.”, Nie Huaisang said.

“Huaisang.” This time, Nie Mingjue’s tone wasn’t that of a scolding but displeasure. Although he doesn’t like the words Nie Huaisang’s choice of words, he can’t argue with the fact that his brother does lack in some aspects.

Nie Huaisang flashed him a small smile. “It’s true, da-ge. You know that.”, he paused and sighed when he saw the worrying look on Nie Mingjue. “Don’t worry, da-ge. I know now how to fend for myself.”

Jiang Cheng warned, “That’s enough. It’s fine if you talk about it, but don’t actually walk such a crooked path.”

“Why would I leave the nice, broad road, and walk on a single-plank bridge on a dark, narrow river instead? If it really is that easy, people would have already walked on it. Don’t worry, he was just asking, and I was just answering. Let’s go back to shijie.”, Wei Wuxian answered.

Few cultivators chuckled at the irony of his words. “Pfft. Wouldn’t leave, huh? Look at yourself now.”

Wen Ning isn’t one to start a fight but when he heard those words, he lost all the shyness that was often used to describe him. He let his eyes wander to look for something he can throw when his eyes landed on the cardboard from the pizza they just finished.

He ripped a small piece from it and crumpled it to form a solid ball. He then proceeded to flick it as hard as he could towards the men who were talking nonsense about Wei Wuxian.

It hit the man sitting at the middle on his cheek with a satisfying *thwack*. “What the— Who did that?!”

Wen Ning proudly raised his hand with a smile. “I did.”, he said.

The man was about to lunge at him when his friend held him back. “What do you think you’re doing, A-Song?! That’s the Ghost General! Do you want to die?!”, he whisper-yelled.

Even Wen Qing couldn’t blame them if they did not recognize Wen Ning immediately. His robes aren’t tattered anymore, his eyes don’t lack pupils, his skin doesn’t resemble that of a corpse, and most of all, there aren’t any black lines from his neck that extends to his face.

Instead, his appearance looked more like a scholarly young man with his clean gray robes, handsome features, and healthy complexion. Big difference, indeed.

A-Song’s face went from raging red to ghostly white in a matter of seconds when the newly acquired information finally dawned to him.

“Shijie and the other girls were moved to have class with the other female Lan disciples. We can’t go to the girls’ quarters.”, Jiang Cheng huffed. “And also, Lan Qiren asked me to tell you to copy Virtue section of Righteousness for three times so that you can learn what natural morality is.”

Although there were only some who groaned along with Wei Wuxian, it didn’t pass through Lan Qiren’s ears unnoticed. He immediately threw a glare at the disciples’ direction where he saw them avoiding his line of sight.

“All of you. Report for punishment when we get back.”

“Three times? I’d fly up to Heaven if I just copied them once. I’m not from the Lan Sect, and don’t intend to marry into the Lan Clan, so why should I copy the rules of his sect? I’m not gonna copy.”, Wei Wuxian spat out.

Wei Wuxian felt a light air blow on his hair from above him. He removed himself from Lan Wangji's embrace and crossed his arms on his chest. "Really Lan Zhan? You find that funny?" he said in fake-annoyance.

"I did not laugh." Lan Wangji defended.

"Yes, you did! You did that exhaling through your nose thing you always do when you laugh!"

"Sorry.", he said, flatly.

Wei Wuxian *hmp*-ed, "I forgive you.", before settling himself back into his husband's arms.

Meanwhile, Jiang Cheng can feel soreness of the muscles around his eyes from the numerous times he rolled his eyes to the couple beside him. "*Fucking annoying.*", he breathed out.

"Jiang Cheng, I heard you.", Wei Wuxian said without looking at him. "You know if you're jealous, no one will stop you from snuggling with Xichen-ge."

"Fuck off."

"You're blushing, A-Cheng."

"A-Jie!"

Nie Huaisang immediately spoke and offered to copy for him but when he was about to mention the favor he meant to ask in return, he paused in the middle of the sentence and coughed dryly, opening up his fan and shifting to the side.

There they saw a disciple standing under a tree. The shadows casted by the leaves made Lan Wangji look more ethereal than he already is, if only he weren't glaring at them so coldly that his gaze alone could probably freeze a lake in mid-summer.

Naturally, everyone shut their mouths except for Wei Wuxian who jumped from where he was sitting and shouted, "Wangji-xiong!"

Lan Wangji turned around and immediately walked away leaving Wei Wuxian shouting his name behind him.

“Damn... I didn’t know Hanguang-jun seriously hated Senior Wei before.” If Zizhen didn’t know any better, he would think that the two seniors will definitely cross swords in the battlefield. But looking at the present Senior Wei and Hanguang, it clearly isn’t the case.

Jingyi held his chin and stroked his imaginary beard. “I’ve never seen Hanguang-jun act that rude to anyone, except to traitor Su She who very much deserved it.”

“Jingyi, we already told you it’s rude to talk about the dead like that.” Sizhui reprimanded.

“Compared to how people talked about Yiling Patriarch when he was dead, this is nothing!”

“And you’re doing the same thing they did before!”

“Unlike Senior Wei, Su She deserved to be talked like shit.” Jingyi murmured.

“Jingyi!”

“Okay! I’ll stop.”

Wei Wuxian chuckled a little then complained to his friends, “Who cares if he ignored me? Does he look pretty?” After a thought, he realized that Lan Wangji did look pretty.

Lan Wangji knew, after years of being together, that Wei Wuxian has his ways with words that can flatter even the coldest man the cultivation world had ever seen. But he had no idea that this conversation happened behind his back. And so, he turned to a shy little kid and tucked his face on the crook of Wei Wuxian’s neck to hide the blush creeping from his ears to his cheeks.

This did not pass his brother’s sight. Naturally, Lan Xichen have to tease him, “Wangji, are you feeling cold?”

“No, brother.” He replied, still snuggling to Wei Wuxian.

“Then, why are you flushed?”, Lan Xichen smirked.

“I-I’m not— I don’t— Brother, no.”

Lan Xichen couldn’t help but notice that even when his brother is flustered, the tone of voice is still stern leaving him no choice but to drop the matter. But not without flashing a teasing smirk.

After three days, Wei wuxian found out what Nie Huaisang was about to ask of him when they were interrupted by Lan Wangji's presence. Lan Qiren will test what they learned from his tediously long lectures about various topics.

Nie Huaisang copied the Virtue twice for Wei Wuxian, and begged for the test, "Please, Weixiong, if I fail this class again, my brother would really break my legs! Stuff like telling apart direct lineage, collateral lineage, main clan, clan branches... For us disciples from big clans, we can't even distinguish our relationships with our own relatives, randomly calling everyone who are more than two tiers away from us aunts and uncles. Does anyone have enough capacity in their brain to remember those of other clans?!"

Jin Ling nodded his head at the teen Sect Leader Nie's words as he too can relate to his sentiments, "Why is it even important to learn those? We should study about things that are more practical like sword fighting or archery."

"A-Ling...", Jin Zixuan sighed, "You're a sect leader now—"

"I'm not, Father." Jin Ling interrupted.

His answer left Jin Zixuan confused. If Jin Guangyao died, Jin Ling is supposed to succeed his position. "You're not?"

"I'm not." Jin Ling repeated.

"Then, who—"

"The officials." It wasn't Jin Ling who interrupted this time but Jiang Cheng. "I wouldn't let my nephew clean up the mess that was left of Lanling Jin. Especially, not at his age. He's merely a teen and your sect was about to crumble to the ground. Did you think Jin Ling could handle that much responsibility?"

"There are advisers who can help him!" As much as he is thankful to Jiang Cheng for taking care of Jin Ling, it didn't feel right to him that outsiders decide for his sect's matter.

"Advisers? Yeah, right." Jiang Cheng sneered disdainfully, "Those bastards were fucking blinded by Jin Guangyao's "kindness" that they planned to assassinate Jin Ling just so they can take over Lanling Jin and take revenge for their "beloved" sect leader. Even the officials went through a purge to rid of those snakes he left who will attack Jin Ling in his sleep."

"And how are you so sure that the people *you* left to lead *our* sect won't?"

"Did you not hear me? I just said I got rid of the fucking bastards. And I constantly visit Lanling to make sure they're not doing a shitty job."

Before things could escalate, Jiang Yanli stopped the two from arguing, “That’s enough. You two can talk more about this later. You’re disrupting the show.”

On the day of the test, cheating notes flew everywhere. Not only from Wei Wuxian and Nie Huaisang, but also from the other disciples of different clans.

Lan Wangji, the best disciple of Lan Qiren, lived up to his title and caught the initiators of the commotion. Lan Qiren sent letters to the prominent clans which of course include the Jiang clan resulting to Jiang Fengmian, clan leader of Jiang sect, replying with, “A-Ying has always been like this. Please take care to discipline him, Mr. Lan.”

And so, Wei WuXian was punished again.

Zizhen sighed as they watched their Senior Wei flirting with Hanguang-jun inside the Library Pavillion, “I wonder who fell in love first between the two of them.”

“Isn’t it obvious? It’s Senior Wei.” Jingyi answered gleefully.

Jin Ling’s face immediately scrunched at the subject of their discussion. “Can you not talk about my uncle’s love life? So disgusting.”

“Typical Young Mistress Jin.”, Jingyi smirked. “What do you think, Sizhui?”

“What?”

“Who do you think fell in love first?” Zizhen repeated.

Sizhui scratched his nose. “Didn’t Senior Wei say that it was Hanguang-jun?”

“Hah. Senior Wei also said I wouldn’t get in trouble if I cheated on that one hard test we had yet I was punished by Hanguang-jun to do a headstand while copying Virtue and Conduct.”

“You’re still sulking about that? That was two years ago.” Although Zizhen did not attend the classes in Cloud Recesses with them, he heard about the incident from Jingyi. Too many times.

“And that was on you. We already told you to study a week before.”, said Jin Ling.

“Okay. Fine, fine. It was *partly* my fault.”

Sizhui raised a brow, “Partly?”

“Entirely.” Jingyi said through gritted teeth and fake smile then he pouted. “No one ever take my side.”, he mumbled before focusing on the screen.




HI

Chapter Summary

announcement...?

Helloooo!!! I know it's been almost a year since the last update and I'm really sorry to have kept you waiting.

So, the thing is I'm an architecture student now and there's a never-ending workload so I don't have enough time to write. But I'll update during our summer break (June or July, probably)

I appreciate your support very much. Thank youuu   

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Wangji-xiong.” Wei Wuxian called to the teen in front of him.

“...”

“Wangji.”

“...”

“Lan Wangji.”

“...”

“Lan Zhan!”

Finally, Lan Wangji stopped writing and looked at him with a cold gaze.

“Isn’t it considered rude to call someone by their birth name when you’re not close? And seeing how they just met, I don’t think they are.” A junior cultivator asked no one in particular.

“It is. But that’s Wei Wuxian, he does whatever he wants.” His senior brother answered for him.

Wei Wuxian shifted backwards and raised his hands in front him for defense. “Don’t look at me like that. I only called you by your name because did not respond when I called you Wangji. You can also call me back by my name if you’re upset.”

“Put your legs down.”

Wei Wuxian was sitting with a slanted body and legs propped up which annoyed the Lan disciple in front of him. Seeing that he finally teased Lan Wangji to the point that he started to speak, Wei Wuxian chuckled silently. He put his legs down, but his upper body inched closer and propped his arms onto the desk.

“Lan Zhan, do you really hate me that much?”

The women behind A-Qing scoffed, “Is that even a question? Ha! It looks like Hanguang- jun doesn’t even want to be in the same room as you.”

A-Qing would be very glad to say a rebuttal to her statement but watching the scene that unfolds in front of them, she just can’t bring herself to do so. Instead, she muttered, “Why can’t you just converse like a normal person, Senior Wei?”

Wen Qing let out a light-hearted chuckle when she heard A-Qing and whispered, “If Wei Wuxian acted like a normal person, he wouldn’t even be together with Hanguang- jun right now.”

A-Qing glanced at the lovey-dovey couple in front and thought to herself, *Hmm, Hanguang-jun might just be as weird as Senior Wei is.*

As usual, Lan Wangji seemed uninterested and looked down at the papers on the desk. Wei Wuxian hurriedly added, “Hey, don’t be like this, ignoring me again after saying so few words. I want to admit my fault and apologize to you. Look at me.”

Seeing that the second jade of Lan has no intention to speak again, Wei Wuxian proceeded to apologize for the first night they met. But not without blaming Wangji for attacking him first.

Lan Wangji didn’t even lift his eyes, “Copy it one additional time.”

Zizhen winced at the scene, “I want to say Hanguang-jun is too cold but Senior Wei kind of deserved that.”

“Where else would you hear an apology followed by accusation apart from him.” Jin Ling added.

Zizhen looked at him with an unreadable expression, “Uhh... you?”

“What are you talking about? Jin Ling doesn’t even apologize.” Jingyi scoffed which Jin Ling found offensive.

“Yes, I do. I just don’t say it to you because I have nothing to apologize for.” Jin Ling crossed his arm and looked down at Jingyi.

“Oh really, what about that time when you—”

That was when Sizhui decided that he had enough and finished their banter for the sake of his eardrums. “Can we please watch peacefully?”

Seeing that the person between them is clearly annoyed, Jingyi and Jin Ling called it quits, for now.

Wei Wuxian protested but with Lan Wangji's strictness, nothing can budge his decision. However, that doesn't mean anything can stop Wei Wuxian from pleading and begging either. At this point, he will probably do anything to avoid an additional punishment. After Wei Wuxian's repeated apologies, the Lan put a silencing spell on him.

“Mmph? Mmph mmph mmph!” Wei Wuxian tried scratching and forcing to open his mouth but to no avail, nothing worked out as he wished. By the time he stopped trying, his lips and the skin around his mouth was already red.

Jiang Cheng chuckled teasingly to his brother's face and said, “You deserved that. How I wish I can put a silencing spell on you too.”

“Well, sorry to tell you this Jiang Cheng but even Lan Zhan does not do that to me anymore except when—”

“Okay okay! Spare my ears with your story-telling. I don't need to hear any of that.” Jiang Cheng interrupted before Wei Wuxian can tell him his nightly *activities* with his husband.

“Hmm. You're just jealous I married a great guy. Just so you know, I can still set you up with Xichen-ge.” Wei Wuxian whispered the last sentence but that did not save Jiang Cheng from embarrassment.

With a completely red face, Jiang Cheng punched his brother's arm. “What is with your obsession on setting me up with him?”

“Well, you're both single, you're both sect leaders, and you're both, technically, my brother. And also, I want to attend another wedding.” Wei Wuxian said with a big smile plastered on his face.

“You can kiss your wish goodbye because that will never happen.”

“Why not? Didn't you have a little crush on him when we were in Cloud Recesses?”

“That was not a crush! That was just an admiration!”

“Who’s crush?” Jiang Cheng might have whispered a little too loud because it was not Wei Wuxian who chimed in but their sister, Jiang Yanli.

Before Wei Wuxian can make the situation worse than it already is, Jiang Cheng slapped his hand onto his brother’s mouth to stop him from spouting another bullshit. “Nothing, A-Jie.”

Although she’s not convinced, Yanli decided to drop the matter and pry his brothers for answer when she gets the chance later.

With much efforts, Wei Wuxian could not open his mouth and so he resorted to annoying Wangji with letters. He grabbed a piece of paper, wrote on it hastily, and threw it over to the other Young Master.

“Pathetic,” said Wangji and crumpled the paper to toss away.

Wei Wuxian wrote another note which, once again, was crumpled and tossed away.

The silencing spell was only removed after he finished copying.

Wen Qing raised an eyebrow to this. She didn’t think Wei Wuxian would give up that easily. Not that he wasn’t annoyingly persistent, just not as persistent as she expected him to be. But soon enough, it will be proved that she wasn’t wrong, after all.

The next day Wei Wuxian came to the Library Pavillion he was put under the silencing spell again after speaking recklessly. He couldn’t open his mouth so he scribbled on a piece of paper and pushed them to Lan Wangji, who crumpled it and threw it onto the ground. The same thing happened days after days they were in the Library Pavillion.

However, on the last day Wei Wuxian was somewhat different. His sword which he often leaves all over the place was loudly slammed on his desk. He even started writing without saying a word.

Jiang Cheng scrunched his nose which resembled a dog smelling something rotten. “I don’t feel good about this.”

“Jiang Cheng, did you already forget?” Wei Wuxian snickered beside him.

“Why? What will happen?” Jiang Yanli asked curiously.

“Oh right! Shijie, you didn’t know about this. Fair enough, boys and girls weren’t even allowed to intermingle then and I suppose they tried so hard to hide this incident.” With the last statement, Wei Wuxian flashed a teasing smile to his husband.

It seems that Jiang Cheng remembered because he too began to snicker like Wei Wuxian did that earned him a glare from the person cuddling with his brother and a curious look from his sister. “Wait and see for yourself, Jiejie.”

After a short while of silence, Wei Wuxian pushed a piece of paper for Wangji to see. He thought it was going to be another one of his lame phrases again but to his surprise he found a drawing of a person. It was himself sitting upright and reading by the window with a vividly realistic expression on his face.

“That is such a sweet thing to do, A-Xian. Is that what you two were referring to earlier?” Yanli’s brothers felt a bit guilty that a few minutes later, she will see what they were actually laughing about. But they chose to let her be with what she thinks for now.

“I forgot. I need to add something else.”

After his words, he picked up the paper and his brush to add a few strokes. He glanced at the drawing, then, the actual person, and fell to the ground in laughter. Lan Wangji put down the book and saw that Wei Wuxian added a flower onto the drawing where the side of his head was.

“‘Pathetic’, right? I just know you’re gonna say pathetic. Can’t you switch to something else? Or add another word to it?”

Lan Wangji replied coldly. “Extremely pathetic.”

“So you really added another word to it. Thank you!” Wei Wuxian said while clapping his hands.

“A-Xian...”

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyoneeee, I hope you all are doing well. Thank you for waiting so patiently up 'til now. We were given a month break so I'll do my best to upload a chapter per week before we are bombarded with activities again.

Also, sorry for the sloppiness. It's been a while since I last wrote. Glad I came back here, I really missed this. <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!